

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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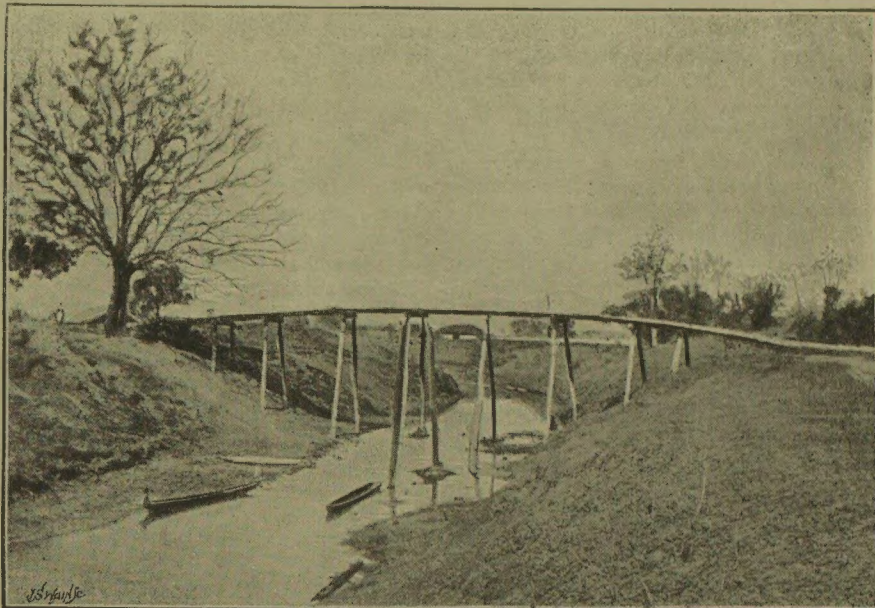
No. 2713.—VOL. XCVIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

TWO SIXPENCE.  
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



BAMBOO BRIDGE AND WIRE-ROPE SUSPENSION BRIDGE IN MANIPUR.



PILE AND BAMBOO BRIDGE AT SERGUMGATE, MANIPUR.



THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT MANIPUR, DEFENDED BY THE GOORKHAS ON MARCH 24.

THE OUTRAGE AND CONFLICT IN MANIPUR, EASTERN FRONTIER OF THE INDIAN EMPIRE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The day of the "interminable novel," a writer in an American magazine informs us, is over. As one of his fellow-countrymen observed of the dogma of eternal punishment, "Our people won't stand it." They want short novels, novelettes, and even these must be very brief ones. After a hard day in a dry goods store—for it is mainly for persons in that calling that novels, it seems, are henceforth to be written—no work of fiction can be enjoyed except in snippets. The form of publication that was good enough for Scott and Thackeray and Dickens is no longer to be endured: it is only "a sad survival by grace of Mudie." Even two volumes are one too many: "the class of 12mo *et infra* carries all before it." The idea of "David Copperfield" or "Pendennis," far more of "Middlemarch," "gives fits" to the modern reader. "Life no longer drags one lazy foot after another, but moves on wheels at fifty miles an hour," and literature must be arranged to suit it. Such is the fiat pronounced by the American reader: he speaks in the name of the million—or, rather, the thirty-six millions of his fellow-countrymen—and bids the English novelist, who, now that he has copyright, seeks to address them, lay his words to heart. The soul of wit is brevity; the same definition holds good for plot, dramatic incident, the development of character, and all the rest of it, and he must henceforth write in snippets to suit the restricted leisure of the gentlemen and ladies out of the "store." Very good; very dry goods!

It must be admitted that in England also the taste for shilling shockers among that large public which imagines itself to be literary has of late been succeeded by one for sixpenny shockers. The "nimble ninepence" has succumbed to the still more agile fourpence-halfpenny. The market is inundated by them, and to a less extent by really good books (being out of copyright) at the same moderate price. The paper is cheap, but the print (though it is called diamond type) is dear; for the reading of half a dozen such books would probably cost a man of mature years his eyesight. Any little sacrifice of this sort is not, however, to be compared with the monstrous extravagance of subscribing to a library: for a guinea a year one can absolutely become the possessor of a library of forty-two sixpenny books, and blind one's whole family!

Under these circumstances "The Railway and General Automatic Library" is about to start, which undertakes to provide literature for us all, for the very reasonable sum of one penny, and yet to preserve our eyesight. Its prospectus introduces us, in the somewhat technical phrase of the Patent Office, to "a coin freed apparatus in connection with railway and other travelling libraries. The invention consists of an oblong box, fitted with a glass front, through which the title of the books may be clearly seen. Each box forms a library divided into sections, and each section holds one book. . . . Anyone wishing to take a volume from the library has only to put a penny in the slot of the section containing the book desired, and out it comes. The door of the section will not close till the book has been replaced, which is alike a convenience to the public and a protection of the property of the company." This, I confess, I don't see: an open door is not thought a convenience, and a gentleman who wishes to steal a book will hardly be deterred from it by this standing but dumb remonstrance. However, that is the company's business. In other respects the arrangement seems an excellent one; and it is proposed to apply it, not only to railway carriages, but to hotels, waiting-rooms, passenger-steamers, and every place, in short, where we suffer from enforced leisure. The books, by-the-by, will be bound in a special and distinctive manner, so that if they are seen elsewhere they will be recognised as having been neither bought nor borrowed, but "conveyed." As for the prospects of the company, they make one's mouth water. It is calculated that if only one passenger in a hundred puts a penny in the slot it will produce an income of nearly £50,000 a year. Of course, tastes differ, and alter with age, but I confess I should prefer an automatic library to an automatic sweetmeat, the supply of which has proved a great success. At present it is only in contemplation to provide works of light and agreeable reading (many of them written by popular authors especially for the company), but who shall say that in the revolving years we may not one day, by dropping a penny into a slot, become the (temporary) possessors of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" or the "Dictionary of National Biography."

When a gentleman was very sanguine indeed, it used to be said of him by his friends that he was "a speckled enthusiast." The origin of the phrase is beyond the recollection of most of my readers, but it first appeared in *Punch* (I think, in a parody on Samuel Warren's "Lily and the Bee"), on the occasion of the boa-constrictor in the Zoological Gardens committing suicide by swallowing his blanket: "The boa that bolted his blanket—speckled enthusiast!" It was certainly an act of sudden impulse and misdirected vigour, and it is no wonder that the record of it was thus embalmed in phrase. Only now and again an instance of such excessive sanguineness occurs as to call for its resuscitation, but there has lately been such an instance. A gentleman of the Congregational persuasion has proposed, in all seriousness, that, in view of the scanty stipends paid to ministers, every Congregationalist who smokes should give up his tobacco, and apply the sum thus effected to increase them. I conclude that this gentleman is himself a smoker. Otherwise, his benevolence is of that spurious kind described as "the generous instinct of A to persuade B to give something to C." But, if a smoker, he is also a "speckled enthusiast." Never, in fact, has so great a sacrifice been proposed to the individual to benefit a class. I can fancy (easily) a man giving up his able-bodied relations (as was once proposed to President Lincoln) to the last man, to defend his country; but that he should give up his tobacco, in order to increase

infinitesimally somebody else's income, seems going a little too far. That the suggestion will end in smoke is only to be expected. "Man is neither black nor white," says the philosopher: "he is mottled." This enthusiast may be black or white; but he too is in the same condition—he is "speckled."

An Indian brave, once famous on the warpath, has, we are told, become a Sunday-school teacher. He used to be called "the Terror of the West," but now he is the Rev. Mr. Somebody. Everybody who is neither a child nor a teacher in the same academy is charmed with this intelligence. It is justly entitled "a triumph of missionary enterprise"—so far as it goes. But this is just one of the cases when it is imprudent to halloo until you are out of the wood. "Call no one happy," says the classic proverb, "till he is dead, and had a genteel burial"; and if I were at that Sunday-school I should never call myself happy till this gentleman had paid the debt of nature. In that case, no one would be more willing to weave the wreath and plant the willow; but, while he lived to pat my scalp (a most dangerous temptation to put in his way), give me in preference as a pastor even the Bishop of Chester, with his "no birch, no boy," and his enthusiasm for corporal punishment. One can never be sure that a gentleman of such pronounced habits will not "break out" again.

The harmless necessary cat, greeted by schoolboys "with wild halloo and brutal noise," has her compensations. She is loved by all women of mature mind (and age), not always, however, wisely, and sometimes too well. A recent advertisement demanding live sparrows to be sent up daily from the country for the delectation of a pet grimalkin has aroused public indignation. Fellows of the Royal Zoological Society may feed their boa-constrictors with live rabbits, but maiden ladies may not thus pamper their tabbies. For my part the two proceedings seem to me equally disgusting. Can we not be kind to one fellow-creature without being cruel to another? Certainly! The following advertisement, culled from a newspaper of the Fatherland, is a proof of it: "Wanted by a lady of quality, for adequate remuneration, a few well-behaved and respectfully dressed children, to amuse a cat in delicate health, two or three hours daily." I should like to know this lady, and also her cat, which, I am sorry to hear, is delicate. In Germany cats are rarer than they are in England, but I have possessed some precious ones; as dear to me as though they were the sole survivors of their race; cats which to know and be known by was a liberal education. Those children, however "well behaved and respectfully dressed," will doubtless have much to learn from the interesting invalid. I conclude they will be of the feminine gender; boys never derive advantage from example, and have a knack of extracting anything deleterious there may be in the purest natures. Even from "Great Atossa"—she who, "sunk amid her fur," presented a spectacle, we are told, at once

Composed and bland,  
Dumb, inscrutable, and grand—

they would probably have only learnt to swear.

Everyone in early life has come home from his first visit to the circus with the fixed resolve of being a clown. The Bar, the Church, the Physic, have been each rejected by the youthful mind, as a future calling; but to dress in motley and make perpetual jokes to admiring audiences has seemed the most delightful profession in the world. This desire, however, rarely "outlives performance"—that is, the first performance; and we soon find ourselves going to circuses—and even to theatres—without being moved to that sincerest form of flattery—imitation. Sometimes, however, it is not so. A very curious example to the contrary indeed has just occurred in the highly respectable neighbourhood of Bayswater. An eyewitness thus describes it: "I was calling last Saturday at the Brownes (with an *e*), with whom I am fairly intimate. Old Browne is a lawyer, but not in practice, having happily no necessity for it. He is fifty if he is fifteen; his wife was forty last census day, and the same on the one before that: they have two girls of marriageable age, and a boy who has been married, and made a mess of it. (This has nothing to do with the story, but only proves them—which is essential to it—of full age.) I found them all in the drawing-room, and shook hands. Old Browne put his fingers to his lips, which I thought strange and not funny, but the others roared with laughter. Mrs. Browne alone looked pained, and shook her head at me with an imploring smile. This made them laugh still louder, but not one syllable did they utter. I said to myself, 'They must be mad!' and then they all shook their heads (as though I had said it aloud) and laughed more than ever. Mary Browne looks very nice when she laughs, but Martha shows her teeth. I had half a mind to show mine, for I felt that I was being treated with rudeness. They seemed to understand this, and cried with one voice—no, pointed with one finger at the head of the family, as though to indicate him as the offender. At this old Browne nodded assent, and pointed cheerfully to his shirt front. 'This is what comes of unmuzzling the dogs,' I thought to myself; 'the whole family have been bitten, and must go to Pasture.' I rose and backed slowly towards the door, but young Browne interposed, and, with an infinity of gesture and grimace, insisted on my sitting down again. I never was in such a position—or in such a perspiration—in my whole life. Then the clock on the mantelpiece struck the half-hour, and they all found their tongues at once, and began to make apologies. 'I dare say you thought our behaviour very strange,' said Mary, 'but the fact is we all went to the "Prodigal Son" (as if it had been a public-house) 'on Monday, and ever since then we have been practising dumb show, and Papa promised us half a crown apiece if none of us spoke for half an hour; and it was so unfortunate that you happened to come in before the clock struck.'"

It has been said that a legal document in England is not to be rivalled elsewhere for verbiage and unintelligibility;

but the American Copyright Bill has caused us to lose our pre-eminence in this respect. It is probably the worst-written State paper that ever was penned. What it means and what it does not mean are subjects of doubt throughout; but where it reaches the very acme of uncertainty is in its provision for the introduction into the United States of the English magazine. Its involved and intricate wording, and the use of what practically amounts to the double negative in the words "not" and "unauthorised," drive the ordinary reader almost to distraction. It has been supposed that the effect of the regulation herein described would be to prohibit the importation of any English magazine into America which had a serial story copyrighted in that country. The ludicrousness of such an enactment is clear, for the following reasons: (1) It would do away with the benefits of the Act altogether, since the money paid for the book would not compensate for the loss of the sale of the magazine. (2) Nobody would have reason to complain of the importation of the magazine except the purchaser of the American copyright of the story, whose loss from that cause would, of course, be allowed for in the purchase money, while all the conditions of the Bill with regard to the manufacture of the book in the United States would be complied with. As a matter of fact, however, no such absurdity is contemplated by the Bill. I mention this because the misreading of the section (which is only natural enough) has caused great consternation in the minds of publishers of English magazines and writers of serials. The book, it is true, will have to be printed piecemeal in America, and registered part by part by the purchaser of the copyright; but that is only an inconvenience—not a prohibition.

"American papers, please copy."

## HOME NEWS.

Her Majesty, accompanied by Princess Louise, drove to Cannes on April 13 and visited the cemetery, and placed flowers on the graves of Colonel Pickard, Viscountess Jocelyn, and her sons. Our Artist, M. Forestier, sends an illustration of the festive cavalcade of the "Battle of Flowers," which was described last week.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Admiral Stephenson, left Sandringham on April 14, and proceeded by special train from Wolferton to Newmarket. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, remain at Sandringham for a few days longer before returning to London for the season.

The thirty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Princess Beatrice was celebrated on April 14, when the bells of St. George's Chapel and Windsor parish church were rung in honour of her Royal Highness, and a salute was fired in the Long Walk, Windsor Park. The Princess was born at Buckingham Palace in 1857.

At the invitation of the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held, on April 14, in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House, to meet the Duke of Connaught, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Earl of Harrowby (president of the society), and other gentlemen interested in carrying out its objects. There was a numerous and influential attendance. The Lord Mayor presided, and the Duke of Connaught moved the principal resolution, which was to the following effect: "That this meeting, thanking God for the great progress made in translating and circulating the Holy Scriptures during her Majesty Queen Victoria's reign, appeals to the citizens of London for their increased support, to enable the British and Foreign Bible Society to take full advantage of the present unprecedented opportunities for extending a work so conducive to the best interests of mankind."

When the House of Lords reassembled, on April 14, after the Easter recess, Lord Cranbrook, after regretting the unavoidable absence of the Prime Minister, expressed his sense of the very deep loss which not only his party but the nation had suffered in the death of the late Lord Granville. The Earl of Kimberley, in following, reminded the House of the singular tact and consideration with which, in the face of adverse majorities, the deceased peer had occupied for many years the position of Leader of the Government. Like tributes were paid by the Earl of Derby and the Earl of Selborne.

Contrary to popular expectation, which had assigned the vacant honour to Earl Spencer, it is not intended at present to appoint a successor to Lord Granville as leader of his political friends in the House of Lords. On the occasions of Lord Granville's absence from his place Lord Kimberley has habitually conducted any communications with the Government which were required by the course of business, and he will continue to discharge this duty with a view to the general convenience.

A small general election is about to be fought out in no fewer than six constituencies, five of which will certainly be contested. The sixth, which is the seat for the City, vacant through Mr. Baring's death, will probably fall without a contest to Mr. Henry Hicks Gibbs, a director of the Bank of England, a well-known bimetallist, a prominent City man, and formerly proprietor of the *St. James's Gazette*. The other five vacancies are all Conservative and Unionist seats—four of which, however, were, in 1885, held by small majorities for the Liberals. Whitehaven, the borough seat vacant by Mr. Cavenish Bentinck's death, has, on the contrary, been a Conservative stronghold since 1880. It is being fought on the Liberal side by Mr. Shee, who was the losing candidate five years ago. The other vacancies are in Mid-Oxon, where Mr. Maclean (Unionist) resigns his seat on his judicial appointment; in South Dorset, for which the late Colonel Hambro was the Conservative member; in the Harborough Division of Leicestershire, where Mr. Tapling's death creates a vacancy; and in the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk, whose member, Mr. E. Greene, died on April 15 at the age of seventy-five. In these three last divisions the battle has not yet been fully joined; but in Mid-Oxon, in spite of the absence of the Liberal candidate in Spain, a brisk fight is being waged.

Bradford has had a small version of the Trafalgar Square riots. The Mayor had refused to grant the space in front of the townhall for a public meeting in sympathy with the strikers at Manningham Mills. An excited crowd, however, assembled, which rapidly grew in numbers as the darkness gathered, until the entire square was filled. Impromptu meetings were held, the people pressed hard on the police, and stones were thrown. Finally, a series of running fights began between the two forces, ending in the calling out of the military and the reading of the Riot Act. The soldiers fixed bayonets, though they did not actually charge, and by marching to and fro contrived to disperse the crowd; not before people and police had sustained many serious injuries. On the following day, April 14, the troubles were renewed. The crowd reassembled, missiles were thrown, and the Mayor, who read the Riot Act, was struck in the chest with a stone. The soldiers again appeared, but they had great difficulty in keeping order, and there were fierce street conflicts, almost taking the proportions of a battle.



## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY THE MACE.

Those election pledges, how they come home to roost! But, as every politician keeps a brood of them, they are not in the least like the proverbial curses. It is part of the business of statesmanship to explain away the promises which were made to the constituencies. A candidate swears that he will never consent to a policy for which he cheerfully votes when his leaders propose it to the House of Commons. In my very young days I used to feel quite embarrassed by this wholesale breaking of vows, and I expected the culprits to blush and stammer and show all those signs of confusion which are supposed to befall the detected trifier with unsophisticated affections. But nobody ever blushes in the House. The Minister who is taunted with apostasy is perfectly unruffled. He has convinced himself that his change of attitude is for the good of the country. So when Mr. Labouchere recited the electioneering manifestoes of prominent Unionists who said they would never allow Imperial credit to be employed for the purchase of Irish land, Mr. Balfour's withers were unwrung. He took it for granted that any dispassionate person endowed with the most ordinary perceptions would see at once that these pledges applied only to Mr. Gladstone's Land Bill, and not to such circumstances of dignity and patriotism as surrounded the Land Bill of the present Government. How could Mr. Labouchere, who had made a pedantic inquisition into the musty literature of a bygone election, pretend that there was any analogy whatever between the conditions of that time and the policy which an overwhelming sense of public duty had impelled the Government to press upon the House and the country? I love Mr. Balfour when he is in this vein. He nobly asserts the superiority of the man in office to anything he may have said when he was out of office. If this element of public affairs were not carefully preserved, I don't know what would become of the Constitution.

But if the man in office is handsomely vindicated by Mr. Balfour, the man out of office finds a no less worthy champion in Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Balfour is generally animated by lofty scorn. As you listen to him, you appreciate contempt as a fine art. He has devoted infinite pains to the cultivation of a natural aptitude for treating the other side as almost too absurd for words. For certain members of the Opposition Mr. Balfour keeps several little rods constantly in pickle; but, as a rule, his manner indicates a subtle and comprehensive indifference to the character and proceedings of the party opposite. Occasionally Mr. Balfour includes the Chairman of Committees in the orbit of his satire; and I have sometimes caught him eyeing me as if he were considering whether a covert sneer at the Bauble would not add piquancy to his retorts. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, has a totally different method. He is an adept, too, in the business of explaining away, but he does it with an expression of pained solicitude for those who have actually ventured to suggest that his attitude to-day is not what it was five years ago. As a rule, Mr. Gladstone would have us understand that he has not swerved by one hair's-breadth. But on this occasion he is mildly surprised that anyone should fail to remember the express condemnation by the constituencies of this very principle of using Imperial credit for the benefit of Irish landlords and tenants. Mild surprise is one of Mr. Gladstone's most effective weapons. He uses no emphatic language. He is scrupulously careful of everybody's feelings, not even forgetting Mr. Chamberlain's. He points out that the Irish members have a prescriptive right to take whatever cash they can get from England, and yet he is careful to compliment Mr. Labouchere, who does not want them to get any. The position, you observe, is delicate. The Radicals are pulling one way, and the Irish members another, while the Government are profiting by the dispute, and the regular Opposition are in something resembling a fix. But the emergency was never invented which could nonplus the Old Parliamentary Hand. When he speaks, harmony reigns once more on the benches behind him. And then his mild surprise surpasses everything. "It is true," he says in effect, "that we are not all agreed on this side about your Land Purchase Bill; but just consider how you are flying in the face of that earthly Providence, the opinion of the country. You were distinctly told in 1886 that the taxpayers would not hear of an Imperial guarantee for Irish land. I thought differently at the time, but what is my humble judgment that I should set it before that of my countrymen? And how can you disregard that solemn mandate from the electors by persisting with this Bill? I wonder at you—I do, indeed!" And for the moment—such is the effect of this chiding—Mr. W. H. Smith bends his head and looks unhappy, as if he had thoughtlessly offended a bishop.

But the general interest in this Land Purchase Bill is languid. There is a certain refreshment in hearing Mr. Healy demanding money from any quarter, and Mr. Conybeare endeavouring to explain his own amendment, which he does not in the least understand. But this Irish debate is not half as interesting as the Scotch grievance, which was immortalised by Sir George Campbell. When Sir George demanded redress for the insult of enforcing a payment for admission to Holyrood Palace, I felt that Bannockburn would have to be fought again. "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," I murmured, but the point of the quotation was somewhat marred by the circumstance that Dr. Wallace sat on a back bench and said nothing. It was a Hindoo journalist who said that Sir George Campbell had "exposed his *cui bono* in all its naked hideousness." I never understood the meaning of that invective till I heard Sir George in his dullest moments. But on this question of Holyrood he was brilliant. Somewhere in that palace, I believe, they show you the blood of Rizzio, but Sir George has manfully resisted the blood-tax which the Chancellor of the Exchequer imposes on every Scotsman who wishes to refresh himself with that patriotic spectacle. Sir George denies himself the blood of Rizzio rather than pay a shilling to the Imperial Exchequer. If this does not bring blue bonnets over the Border, there is no spirit left in Scotland.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE BOROUGH OF GRIMSBY.

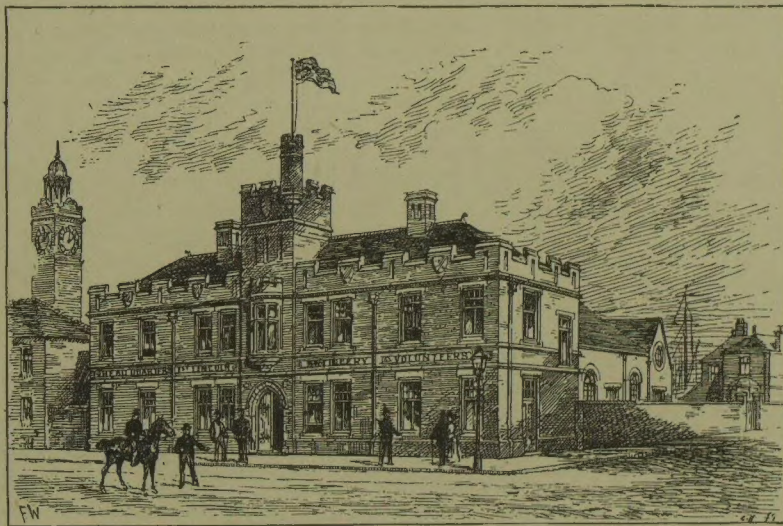
The flourishing commercial and seaport town of Grimsby, three years ago, consisted of three separate parts—namely, the old municipal borough, the township of New Clee, and the hamlet of Wellow. These were, by an Act of Parliament, united in one municipal borough; and it has now been invested with the privileges of "a county borough" under the Local Government Act, having more than the prescribed amount, 60,000, of population. This consummation was celebrated, on Wednesday, April 8, by the Mayor, Alderman Henry Bennett, entertaining a large company of guests, including many distinguished persons, at a banquet in the Townhall. Among those present were the Bishops of Lincoln and Nottingham, the Earl of Yarborough, Earl Brownlow, Lord Lieutenant of the county, the Right Hon. Viscount Cross, one of her Majesty's Ministers, Lord Oxenbridge, Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., the Right Hon. E. Heneage, M.P., Mr. H. J. Atkinson, M.P., Mr. A. R. Heath, M.P., Mr. E. B. Grotrian,



ALDERMAN HENRY BENNETT, MAYOR OF GRIMSBY.

M.P., the Mayor of Hull, the Mayor of Lincoln, and other gentlemen of the neighbouring towns and adjacent counties.

In accordance with a resolution of the Town Council on Feb. 27, the honorary freedom of the borough was presented to Alderman Bennett, the Mayor (who has been six times Mayor, and a member of the Council since 1835); and to the Earl of Yarborough; to Sir Edward Watkin, chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway; to Mr. Heneage, whose family has been connected with the town for centuries; and to Mr. Henri Josse, of Grimsby, for their valuable services to local interests. The five certificates were enclosed in artistic caskets of gold and silver-gilt, jewelled with diamonds and rubies, which were designed and made by Messrs. Barnett and Scott, Court jewellers, Whitefriargate, Hull. The designs are "Renaissance" in style, with finely wrought scroll supports and feet. The top is embellished with beadings, dividing into panels various nautical emblems in high relief, and surmounted by the Grimsby arms and riband, with the "County Borough of Grimsby" on one side and the old Grimsby arms and motto on the other. The ornamentation on each casket is varied, and adapted to each recipient. An elaborate monogram of diamonds and rubies also forms an important feature. The various armorial bearings are emblazoned in their true heraldic colourings, and on the panels are views of the Grimsby Tower and shipping, the park, Albert Gardens, Houses of Parliament, hunting and other scenes. Each casket contained the resolution of honorary freedom, ornately illuminated upon vellum.



NEW HEADQUARTERS OF 1ST LINCOLNSHIRE ARTILLERY, AT GRIMSBY.

The Mayor of Grimsby, Mr. E. Heneage, M.P., Sir E. W. Watkin, M.P., Lord Yarborough, and Mr. Henri Josse, in succession, having signed the roll of freemen, briefly and cordially expressed their thanks and good wishes for the prosperity of the town. Lord Cross, Lord Oxenbridge, and other gentlemen spoke to the toasts which followed; and, in acknowledging that of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway, Sir Edward Watkin referred to the projected tunnel underneath the Humber, connecting Yorkshire and Hull with Lincolnshire and Grimsby, which could be executed, no doubt, with the aid of those on the other side.

Grimsby now ranks fifth among the ports of the United Kingdom, and is the largest fishing port in the world, having sent out 70,000 tons of fish last year. Its great docks, the first of which was opened by the Queen, have cost two millions and a half sterling, and there are to be considerable extensions. The Prince and Princess of Wales and other members of the royal family have visited the town, which has made wonderful progress in the past quarter of a century, and which has a yearly increasing trade and population.

## VOLUNTEER ARTILLERY BARRACKS, GRIMSBY.

The new Headquarters Barracks of the 1st Lincolnshire Artillery Volunteers, opened in the presence of the Right Hon. E. Stanhope, M.P., Secretary of State for War, on Wednesday, April 1, were built on a site given by the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, and at the expense of that company, the value of this gift being about £6000.

The proceedings on the opening day began with a military "musical ride" performed by the officers and non-commissioned officers in the drill-hall, before a large company of spectators, among whom were Mr. Stanhope, the Earl and Countess of Yarborough, Victoria Countess of Yarborough, the Right Hon. E. Heneage, M.P., and Lady Eleanor Heneage, Sir Edward Watkin, Bart., M.P., Chairman of the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, Colonel Hutton, commanding the 4th Battalion of the Lincolnshire Regiment, Major-General Wilkinson, C.B., commanding the North-eastern Military District, with Colonel Scott, Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson, and other officers.

In the afternoon a meeting was held in the drill-hall, which had been decorated for the occasion with banners and military trophies. Sir Edward Watkin was in the chair, and the other chief speakers were Mr. Stanhope and Colonel Hutton. The Secretary of State for War had much to say of the value of Militia artillery and Volunteer artillery for the national defences. The Grimsby Volunteer Artillery Corps, mustering 340 men present and efficient, was highly commended; and Colonel Hutton stated that the brigade numbered almost 500, sixty recruits having joined within the past few months.

The new building stands in Victoria Street, Grimsby, having at its back the magazines, also the Sergeant-Instructor's residence, approached from Corporation Wharf on the north. The elevation presents a square central battlemented tower, rising to a height of 43 ft., with circular angle-turret, surmounted by flagstaff, handsome oriel window, and stone main entrance. It is adorned with stone carved shields, bearing the arms of the towns of Lincoln and Boston, and of Louth and the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company, while the borough arms of Grimsby occupy a high central position on the tower. On either side of the main entrance are the arms of Colonel Hutton and the Right Hon. Edward Stanhope. The works have been carried out by Mr. J. Wilkinson, of Cleethorpes, from the plans and under the superintendence of Mr. E. W. Farebrother, architect, of Grimsby.

## THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE.

The party of the Cortes or Legislative Congress in the Republic of Chile, which is engaged in an active war, carried on by the naval force along the coast, against the usurpation of absolute power by President Balmaceda, has won an important victory. On April 7 the seaport town of Arica, in the province of Tarapaca, and Tacna, capital of the province of the same name, were taken without any resistance on the part of Balmaceda's troops, some of whom came over to the Opposition side, and the rest fled into Bolivia. They left plenty of ammunition and provisions. Another portion of the President's army has retired into the territory of the Argentine Confederation, where it has been disarmed.

We have an illustration of the bombardment of Iquique, some weeks ago, when that town, having been occupied by sailors from the fleet, was recaptured by the President's troops, who drove the seamen into the Custom House. The ships then took up their position in both bays, and opened fire with great guns, avoiding the Custom House. Great damage was done; finally, a nitrate store was set alight by a shell from the Esmeralda, this spread to a large square, and the fire burnt many houses. The British naval squadron was there. Captain Lambton, of the Warspite, landed and arranged an armistice, so that women and children were allowed to leave the town. But next day the heads of the belligerent forces came on board the Warspite, and, in the presence of Admiral Hotham, concluded a treaty of peace. The troops were marched to the Plaza, and there laid down their arms. Three hundred was the number killed.

## THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The British Indian military expedition to subdue the hostile tribes of the Samana mountain range, north-west of the Punjab, has altered its base of operations, leaving the right bank of the Indus and the bridge of boats at Kotkai, to establish its headquarters at Oghai. It is commanded by Major-General Elles, C.B., and is called the Hazara Field Force; the divisional commanders are Colonel Williamson, of the Welsh Fusiliers, and Brigadier-General Hammond, V.C.; while Colonel Sir B. Bromhead, C.B., commanding the 32nd Bengal Pioneers, Colonel Shakspear, Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieutenant Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein are on the Staff. We are indebted to Captain F. C. Carter, Deputy Assistant Adjutant-General, for a sketch of the scene on the rocks near Bela, on March 9, when General Elles and his staff, looking through a telescope, examined the position of the enemy on the singular rock pinnacle of Shringri. Brigadier-General Hammond is the officer using the telescope, and Shringri is in the middle background of the view.

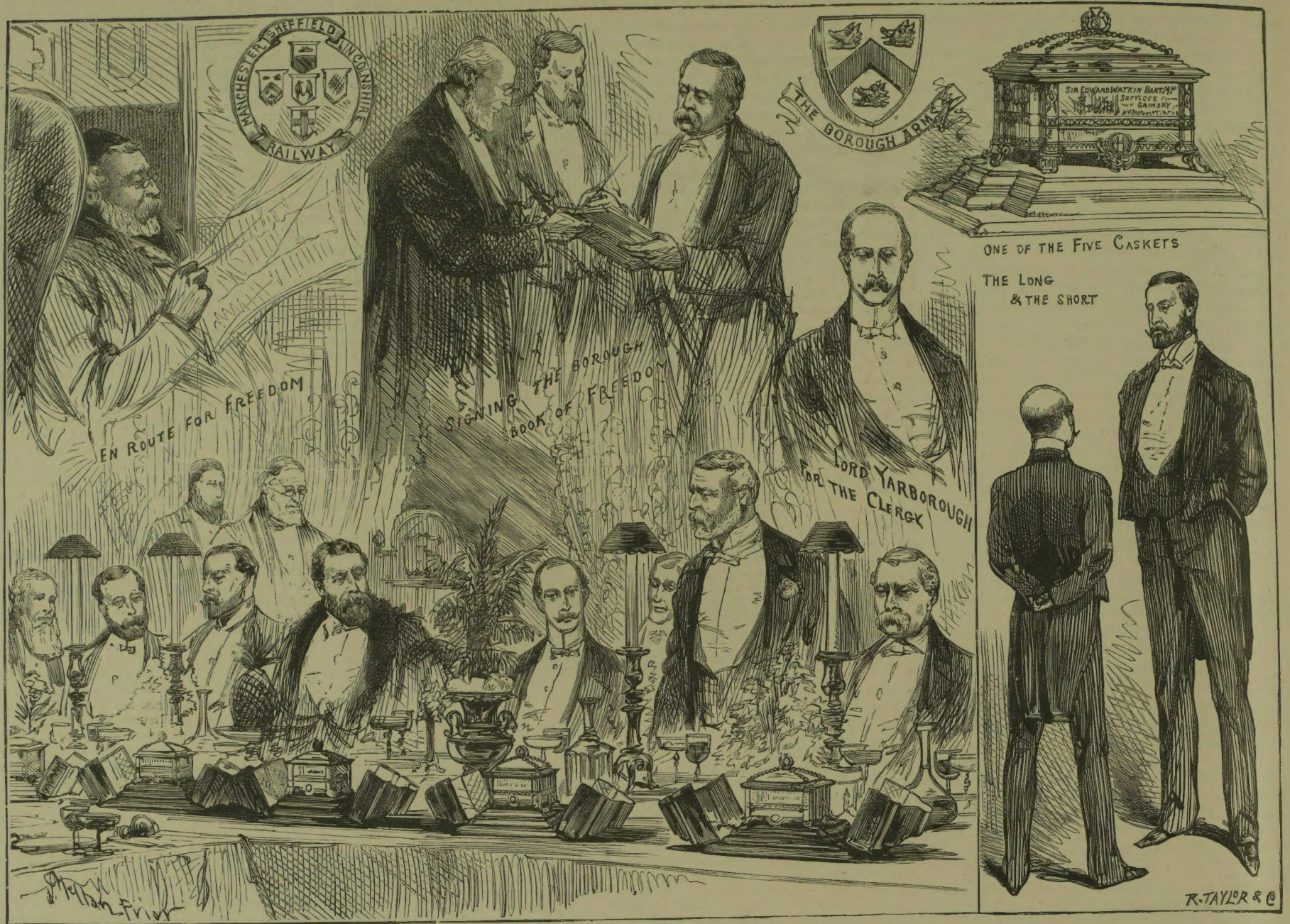
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS REFERRED TO IN SUBSEQUENT PAGES OF THIS ISSUE: The late Keeley Halswelle, The Manipur Disaster, Grasse and its Neighbourhood, Travels in Tibet, Siberian Prisoners.

The trouble between Mr. Raikes and the Boy Messenger Companies has been settled by a compromise, which, on the face of it, looks as if the Postmaster-General had surrendered his point. The injunction against the companies has been withdrawn, and they are to receive a license under the Telegraph Acts, which their counsel described as enabling them to carry on business as widely as before. If this means that they are to be allowed to carry letters, they have clearly established their position against the Post Office. On the other hand, it is supposed that Mr. Raikes will continue the Express Messenger Service which St. Martin's-Le-Grand has organised in opposition to the private companies.

Lord Salisbury arrived in London on April 16 from the Continent.

Lord R. Churchill dined with the members of the Paddington Parliament, at the Holborn Restaurant, on April 11, and dwelt at some length on the value of such bodies as familiarising the public with the procedure of the House of Commons, which was a striking likeness in miniature of the great people it represented. Alluding to his intended visit to South Africa, he said it was possible that our dominions there might offer to thousands of our countrymen a means of employing their labour profitably, and of making for themselves happy and prosperous homes.





BANQUET AT THE TOWNHALL, GRIMSBY, ON THE TOWN BECOMING A COUNTY BOROUGH.

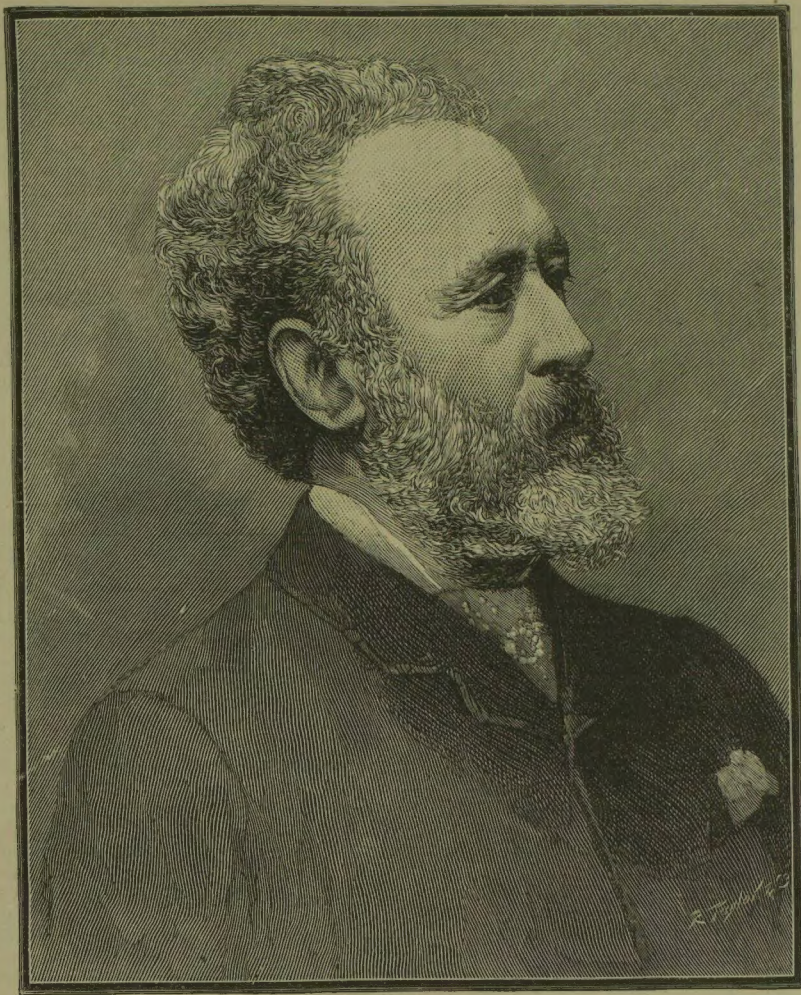


THE CIVIL WAR IN CHILE: BOMBARDMENT OF IQUIQUE.



## MR. KEELEY HALSWELLE

British landscape art is a loser by the death, at Paris, on Saturday, April 11, of Mr. Keeley Halswelle, Associate of the Scottish Royal Academy of Arts and Member of the Royal Institute of Painters in London. He was born in 1832, at Richmond, Surrey, and began his work as an artist with drawings for the *Illustrated London News*. He went to Edinburgh, with an engagement offered him by Mr. Nelson, the publisher there, and sent also pictures to the exhibitions of the Scottish Royal Academy, which proved his talent for painting. After travelling and studying in Spain and Italy he settled in London, and exhibited pictures, mostly of Italian subjects, figures and groups, which attracted much notice. Later compositions of this kind by Mr. Keeley Halswelle were such as dealt with historical and romantic or dramatic themes, like "Non Angli sed Angeli" and "The Play Scene in Hamlet." But he came to devote his efforts more to landscape, and especially to the scenery of the Thames, and of rural neighbourhoods not far from London. As a change from this he latterly often visited and depicted the wilder scenes of Scottish mountain and moorland. His "Macbeth," in the Grosvenor Gallery exhibition of 1889, was the "blasted heath" on which Macbeth and Banquo met the witches; and his "Highlands and Islands," at the Royal Academy Exhibition last year, was an effective presentation of a wild stormy sky, relieved by a rainbow, characteristic of the western shores of North Britain. Mr. Keeley Halswelle was an active and useful member of the Royal Institute. He was often met in his houseboat on the river, and some of his sketches adorn the snug rooms of such old inns as the Swan or the Elephant at Pangbourne. Nor was he less at home among the hills of the Hampshire border in the neighbourhood of Hindhead and Haslemere. He was personally much esteemed by his brother artists, and enjoyed a good share of public favour.



THE LATE MR. KEELEY HALSWELLE, ARTIST, R.I. AND A.R.S.A.

## THE MASSACRE AND CONFLICT IN MANIPUR.

The deplorable news of the massacre of the five British captives, Mr. J. W. Quinton (Chief Commissioner of Assam), Mr. Frank Grimwood (Political Agent resident at Manipur), Mr. Cossins, Colonel Skene, and Lieutenant Simpson, who were treacherously seized and imprisoned, on March 24, by the usurping Prince of that barbarous State, has arrived since our last publication. This enormous outrage, to be speedily punished by the forces already gathering in Assam and Burmah, could not have been prevented by the small escort of Goorkhas and the ordinary guard of the Residency, who fought during two days and nights, with the utmost valour, against an enemy tenfold their number, until the survivors, reduced to half their strength, having spent their ammunition and being destitute of food,

were compelled to retreat. Mr. Quinton and his companions, soon after the attack was begun, came out of the Residency under a flag of truce, lured by an invitation to confer with the Jubraj, and were immediately surrounded by the Manipur soldiery, under the orders of the Senaputty or actual Regent. They were taken into the palace, and were brought, it is now said, before the Senaputty, who ordered them to be made over to the Kuki levies to be killed. Mr. Quinton was killed with swords or daks, his head cut off, and his body hacked to pieces; his

dismembered limbs were then thrown outside the city walls, to be devoured by pariah dogs. The two officers, Colonel Skene and Lieutenant Simpson, and the bugler, were speared by the Kukis, and their bodies afterwards mutilated and also thrown to the dogs. It is further stated that Mr. Grimwood, the political agent, and two other Englishmen were shot by orders of Linkanzing-law, the Minister, and their bodies were treated as those of Mr. Quinton and his companions. The bodies of two British officers killed during the fighting were also cut to pieces and thrown outside the city. Some released prisoners and fugitives arrived at a frontier-post near Kohima: among them was a native trader, who affirmed that he had seen the mutilated bodies of British officers, with their heads, hands, and feet cut off. He does not appear to have mentioned when the murders were committed, but it was evidently before April 2, when the news of the capture of Mach by the military police reached Manipur, and the other captives were released. Another report said that the officers were killed in action, and there was room to hope that they were not murdered in cold blood, but were killed while resisting their seizure, and that the mutilation was effected after death. This was the view taken by the Indian Government, and was considered the more probable, but no certain evidence has yet been obtained.

Captain Boileau, who, with Mrs. Grimwood, Lieutenant Gurdon, Captain Butcher, and others, made good his escape from Manipur and reached Lakhipur on March 31, has made his report to the Indian Government, which confirms the previous narrative. When the siege on the British Residency began, the Manipuris manned the loop-holed walls of the palace, which was about sixty yards from the Residency, and separated from it by a moat. In the evening of March 24 Mr. Quinton sent a letter to the Jubraj proposing terms. A reply was sent, in which the Jubraj said that the only terms which he would grant were the unconditional surrender of the whole British force. Colonel Skene advised against any capitulation. Mr. Quinton, however, observed that the Residency would not be tenable if the guns opened fire upon it. He discussed the question of the abandonment of the place with Mr. Grimwood, the Resident. After a time, Lieutenant Simpson went out and spoke with the enemy. He came back and reported that the Jubraj would meet Mr. Quinton, if the latter would come to the gateway of the palace. The Commissioner accordingly went, accompanied by Colonel Skene, Mr. Grimwood, Lieutenant Simpson, and Mr. Cossins, with a bugler, who carried the chairs required for the conference, which was to be held at the palace gateway. This bugler was speedily ordered back by the Manipuris, as he was armed with a rifle. Afterwards the Manipuris shouted out to the people in the Residency that Mr. Quinton would not return. They then opened fire again, to which the Goorkhas replied. At midnight Lieutenant Gurdon, Lieutenant Woods, Captain Butcher, and



THE MANIPUR OUTRAGE: PALACE GATES, WHERE MR. QUINTON AND OTHERS WERE SEIZED.



Mrs. Grimwood were standing upon the Residency steps among the Sepoys, and shells were bursting in the compound. Captain Boileau consulted his brother officers as to what should be done. It was resolved to evacuate the Residency, and the retreat was effected in good order.



THE LATE LIEUT. W. H. SIMPSON,  
43rd Goorkhas,  
KILLED AT MANIPUR.

The fugitives made their way across the hills, and finally met Captain Cowley's detachment, with which they proceeded to Lakhipur. They suffered great hardships, walking the whole way, 120 miles; they were obliged to avoid the roads and keep to the jungle paths, and to live on roots. Captain Cowley's men, when they met them, had only one day's rations left, on which the whole party lived till they reached the frontier; but all, including Mrs. Grimwood, arrived in good health.

The Jubraj's statement that the Goorkhas had desecrated the temples, and that this enraged the Manipuris and led to the slaughter of the prisoners, is clearly false. The Goorkhas, being Hindoos, would not desecrate Hindoo temples: they were under strict discipline, and had no opportunity of perpetrating any acts of cruelty.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, General Sir Frederick Roberts, has congratulated Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, of the 2nd Burmah Regiment (also or lately styled the 12th Madras Regiment), on his gallant capture and subsequent defence of the fort of Thobal and on his efforts to save the English prisoners at Manipur. He is the eldest son of Lieutenant-General Douglas Grant, Indian Staff Corps, who resides in London. In the accounts given last week, it was erroneously stated that the hero of the Thobal exploit was Lieutenant A. Grant, of the 2nd Goorkhas. We now present the portrait of Lieutenant C. J. W. Grant, who joined the 12th Madras Regiment at its formation in 1890. He had obtained a commission in the Suffolk Regiment from Sandhurst in 1882, and had served with that regiment in England and Ireland. From Fyzabad he had joined the Madras Staff Corps, in 1884; he was ordered up to Mandalay, Burmah, in 1886, and arrived shortly after it was occupied; he afterwards commanded detachments against dacoits around Mandalay, and captured Thebaw's "Torture elephant," along with some seven others. Being invalided home from Burmah with fever, he came to England in 1889, but returned last year, and, after assisting about eight months in organising the 2nd Burmah Regiment, at Thayetmyo, took 130 men from there, up the Chindwin River to Tamu,



LIEUTENANT C. J. W. GRANT,  
2ND BURMAH REGIMENT (LATE 12TH MADRAS).

where he has recently had the opportunity of performing a most gallant feat. It appears that Lieutenant Grant, after taking the fort of Thobal by assault, held it from March 31 to April 9, and that on April 6, at Alaungtaung, three miles in advance of Thobal, he defeated a large force of the enemy. One of the Manipuri princes, believed to have been the Senaputty himself, was killed in this fight, while Lieutenant Grant had only one man killed and four wounded. The column of troops under Major-General Sir Charles Leslie would march from Tamu on April 13, and would reoccupy Thobal.

We also give the portrait of another young officer, unfortunately among the victims of the treachery and cruel massacre at Manipur—namely, Lieutenant W. H. Simpson, of the 43rd Goorkhas. He was the third and youngest son of Mr. C. T. Simpson, of Lincoln's Inn. He was born in 1860, was educated under Dr. Jex-Blake, at Cheltenham and at Rugby, and was appointed to the 39th Foot from Sandhurst, in 1880. In 1883 he was transferred to the Bengal Staff Corps, and served with the 43rd Goorkha Light Infantry in the expedition against the Akhas in 1883-4, and in the Burmese War in 1886-7, for which he received a medal and clasp. He was adjutant of his regiment from 1886 to 1890, and was an officer of very great promise.

Our illustrations of the British Residency at Manipur, and of the Palace Gates, where Mr. Quinton and the four English gentlemen with him were seized, will be regarded with much interest. We add those of the Manipuri bridges, constructed of bamboo—in one place, across the river Barak, on the road between Silchar and Manipur; and the other at Sergumgate, with some boats formed by hollowing out trunks of trees. These are from photographs lent to us by Lieutenant N. H. C. Dickinson, of the 1st Battalion Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), who served with the 44th Goorkha Light Infantry, in Manipur, Burmah, and the Naga Hills, in 1886-7-8, and received the India medal with two clasps.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The speech read by the Emperor of Austria on the occasion of the opening of the new Reichsrath, on April 11, was most reassuring in tone, and produced an excellent impression, at least so far as it related to the maintenance of peace in Europe. For the Emperor Francis Joseph declared that "all the Governments have given assurances which denote that the preservation of peace is the most essential object of their endeavours." Considering the part played in European politics by Austria, as one of the parties to the Triple Alliance, and the proximity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire to the most unsettled part of Europe, nothing could be more satisfactory. As regards internal affairs, the speech from the throne mentions a number of reforms—fiscal, judicial, and economic—the realisation of which is by no means certain. On many of these questions the numerous groups or parties in the Austrian Parliament hold views so entirely opposed that, in spite of the appeal to concord made by the Emperor, it is to be feared that party feeling will prove stronger than patriotism. The most enlightened organs of the Viennese Press already express the opinion that there will soon be strife between the different parties, and that Count Taaffe's task is by no means an easy one.

In Germany, the Imperial and Prussian Parliaments resumed their sittings on April 7, but the proceedings in these two assemblies call for no special comment. Not so, however, the speech delivered at Kiel by the Emperor, who has of late developed a very remarkable taste for things naval, and never misses an opportunity of showing the interest he takes in the German navy. After being present at a lecture on the strength of the different navies of Europe, by Captain Weger, his Majesty stated his views on the future strategy of the German navy. Having recalled the defensive part it played during the war of 1870—a part which it was compelled to play because of its comparative weakness—he said that things had now changed, and that in future the German navy would have to act as an offensive as well as a defensive force. Battle-ships and torpedo-boats, instead of remaining purely on the defensive, will have to meet, and do their utmost to destroy, the enemy's fleet. In order to realise this idea the naval forces will receive special training, and the yearly manoeuvres of the German navy are to be organised on a plan very similar to that adopted by the British Admiralty.

Prince Louis Napoleon, being universal legatee, under his father's will, has decided to uphold the rights of his mother, brother, and sister, notwithstanding certain clauses which disinherit them. As to the testamentary executors, he only recognised their right to sort the late Prince's papers, and burn those that they considered personal or private. The rest he kept, and declared he objected to their being published at present, reserving to himself the absolute right to dispose of them as he pleased. It is curious to find that this young prince, of whom so little was known, turns out to be a true Napoleon—imperious, self-willed, and impatient of contradiction. Possibly we may hear more of him as time goes on.

On April 12 the French, like the English a week before, were engaged in drawing up their census papers, a duty imposed upon them every five years. As in England, no religious census is taken in France, and the system adopted by the French authorities is very similar to that in use in this country. Printed forms are left in every house, to be filled up by the tenants and occupiers; but as the French object to their *concierges* scrutinising their census papers, and thus acquiring a knowledge of their family affairs, a large envelope is provided with each census paper to be returned sealed to the enumerators.

M. Jules Lemaitre, one of the most distinguished dramatic critics, fought a duel a few days ago with M. Félicien Champ-saur, a well-known brother journalist, who had indulged in criticisms of M. Lemaitre's private life, which the latter could not allow to pass unnoticed. Four shots were exchanged without result, neither combatant being hit, and honour was declared satisfied, but not the two champions, who left the ground without shaking hands and being reconciled, as is usually the case.

A rumour has been current in Rome and Paris during the last few days that General Menabrea, the Italian Ambassador in Paris, was to be recalled, and that Signor Visconti Venosta was to be his successor. Upon the publication of this piece of news, of which no official confirmation or denial has yet been given, the relations of Italy with France and the Triple Alliance have been discussed in most European journals, some arguing that the Marquis di Rudini was about to denounce the treaty of the Triple Alliance, and depend entirely on England's friendship, while others expressed the opinion that Italy could not separate herself from Austria and Germany, and make advances to France, without endangering her situation. It is, however, rather early to speculate upon the course Italy may take with regard to the league of peace, considering that the treaty does not expire till next year, and many things may happen between this and then. In the meantime, it may be noted that impartial observers now admit that Signor Crispi looked upon the Triple Alliance as an engine of war, and had made preparations accordingly. Hence the enormous expense incurred for naval and military purposes and the present financial difficulties of Italy. Under the circumstances, and bearing in mind the cause of Signor Crispi's fall, it is probable that the Marquis di Rudini will delay taking a decision until the last moment, in order to ascertain the exact feeling of his countrymen on this important matter of national policy.

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, having secretly married the Countess Sophie de Merenberg, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Nassau, and granddaughter of the Russian poet Puschkin, through her mother, the widow of General Dubelt, has been excluded from the Russian Army, and deprived of his titles and privileges, by order of the Czar, who intended him to marry a Russian Grand Duchess. The Grand Duke is also banished from Russia—a particularly unfortunate circumstance at the present moment, for it will prevent him from attending the funeral of his mother, the Grand Duchess Olga, aunt to the Czar, who died on April 12, on the way from St. Petersburg to the Crimea, under suspicious circumstances, which seem to confirm the impression that she committed suicide. She was a daughter of the Grand Duke Leopold of Baden, and had married, in 1857, the third son of the Czar Nicholas. She was in her fifty-second year.

In most of the Continental countries precautions are being taken for the repression of possible disturbances on the occasion of the May Day labour demonstrations. In Italy and Spain, special instructions have been sent to the provincial authorities, and several garrisons have been, or are going to be, reinforced, especially in the industrial centres of those countries, where disorder may possibly occur. In Austria, it has been decided not to give a holiday on May 1 to the men employed in Government factories, arsenals, and dockyards.

## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The opening week of the season wound up brilliantly with a performance of "Lohengrin," the exceptional character of which abundantly explained the big demand for seats and the crowd that filled Covent Garden in every part. I have seen Wagner's early masterpiece many times and in many cities, but, save when given by one of the important Munich or Hamburg companies, I have never seen it with a cast to equal that which appeared at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday, April 11. With M. Jean de Reszke in his favourite rôle of the Knight of the Swan; with M. Maurel as Telramund—his original part at this house; with Signor Abramoff as the Herald; and with M. Edouard de Reszke as King Henry the Fowler, the representation of the male characters may be said to have been not only *hors ligne* but beyond all comparison or rivalry. The Polish tenor, who now made his first bow for the season, was in his very finest form. His voice sounded fresh and clear, the quality being as exquisite, the high notes as robust and powerful as ever; and he acted his part with all his wonted manly grace and tenderness of bearing, besides looking it to perfection. M. Edouard de Reszke's noble organ came out with incomparable effect in the broad imposing theme of the Prayer, and, despite his somewhat ponderous crown in the second act, the favourite basso looked "every inch a king." M. Maurel was splendid in his old part—vigorous, dramatic, and picturesque, even though not Wagnerian. But why that gigantic crest of flowing feathers on top of his helmet? There was surely nothing in common between Telramund and the Last of the Mohicans!

Not unworthy of association with these three great artists were the gifted young singers who impersonated Elsa and Ortrud. Miss Eames attempted what was under the circumstances a tremendous task, inasmuch as she had never sung in "Lohengrin" before. Her success was the more astonishing; for, notwithstanding a natural degree of anxiety and restraint, the American soprano contrived to furnish an intelligent and interesting reading of the character, while her rendering of Elsa's music, which fits her lovely voice to absolute perfection, was instinct with sympathetic charm and womanly sentiment. She sang Elsa's Dream exquisitely, and, gathering courage as the opera proceeded, came out with quite an adequate measure of emotional force in the duet of the bridal chamber. Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli, who only essayed the part of Ortrud for the first time during her previous visit here, now repeated her assumption with enhanced histrionic power and declamatory vigour. The duet of the second act, as rendered by this distinguished artist with M. Maurel, was a thing to be remembered. No wonder, with all these features of supreme excellence—including some fairly satisfactory work on the part of the band and chorus—that the general performance reached an exalted level. Signor Mancinelli had cause to be proud of his forces, and, on the whole, his conducting left little room for adverse criticism. The audience, applauding only after the curtain had fallen, was enthusiastic in the extreme.

Special interest attached to Mdlle. Giulia Ravogli's first appearance here as Carmen on April 9. Expectation was duly realised so far as concerned the vocal rendering of the part. The music came well within Mdlle. Ravogli's range, and she imparted admirable significance to the tragic episodes of the mountain and the bull-fight scenes. On the other hand, the talented mezzo-soprano was scarcely so happy in the earlier scenes of the opera. Her conception of Carmen, unlike that of Madame Minnie Hauk, for instance, passed lightly over the comedy and emphasised the serious side of the character, thus missing the effects of contrast so essential to a truthful delineation of Prosper Mérimée's heroine. In short, it was an original embodiment, but not the right one. A new tenor, M. Lubert, from the Paris Opéra Comique, made a highly successful début as Don José. He has a capital voice, and is a good singer as well as an intelligent actor. Another promising first appearance was that made by Mdlle. Agnes Jansen, as the gipsy girl, Mercedès.

## LIEUTENANT L. A. FORBES.

It has been mentioned that Lieutenant Forbes, of the 3rd Goorkhas, was some days ago severely wounded in action, near Hâka, on the Chin Hills, in Upper Burmah. He is the third son of the late Major F. M. Hay Forbes, of the Bengal Staff Corps, and grandson of the Hon. Robert Forbes, son of Lord Forbes. He entered the Army in 1886, and was gazetted to the 74th Highlanders, with whom he served in India. Subsequently, having qualified with distinction in Persian and Hindustani, Lieutenant Forbes joined the Bengal Staff Corps, and has proved an efficient and promising young officer. The frontier tribes are gathering for hostilities since the recent events at Manipur.



LIEUT. L. A. FORBES, 3RD GOORKHAS.

French statesmen have long been casting about for some means of combating the relative depopulation of their native land. Why not take a leaf out of the book of New France? In the province of Quebec, in Canada, 100 acres of Crown land were some time ago offered by the State to every family of twelve children or more. The effect has been most gratifying. Up to the present time no less than 2000 families have been reported to the Crown Lands Department as fulfilling the condition, and the new settlements in the Upper Ottawa and Lake St. John districts are now being arranged. Some 200,000 acres of the public lands of the province will thus be appropriated before the close of the present season. Instances are, by the way, known in Quebec in which a family has more than qualified for two sections, being in number no fewer than twenty-seven.



## PERSONAL.

Mr. A. E. Pratt, some illustrations of whose recent travels in Tibet appear in this issue, contributed a paper to the Royal Geographical Society's proceedings on April 13, when Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff occupied the chair. Mr. Pratt, who is well known as a practical entomologist, was sent out at the expense of Mr. J. H. Leech to seek rare specimens of butterflies and moths in China and Tibet. Mr. Leech has probably the most unique collection of butterflies in the world, and, as a result of Mr. Pratt's enterprise, he has been enabled to add more than a thousand new specimens.

In Miss Mary Linskill, who has recently died at Whitby, the company of country novelists has sustained a decided loss. No one has drawn with a more firm and convincing touch the wild Yorkshire *pages* amid which this author lived and moved and had her being. The financial success of her books might, in all likelihood, have been greater had her mental outlook upon life been brighter, or had she been less leal to her artistic convictions. But her work, albeit of a sombre cast, is sincere and refined, sometimes even powerful, and her pictures of the hard and needy life of the North Yorkshire peasant and fisherman are admirably true to nature. Miss Linskill was born at Whitby, and was the daughter of a jet-manufacturer in that town; but with the decline and fall of the jet trade her father's fortunes dwindled, so that at his death she entered upon a literary career as a means of livelihood. Most of her stories (of which, perhaps, the best are "Between the Heather and the Northern Sea" and "The Haven under the Hill") appeared serially in *Good Words*.

The late Mr. Cavendish Bentinck was an active enthusiast



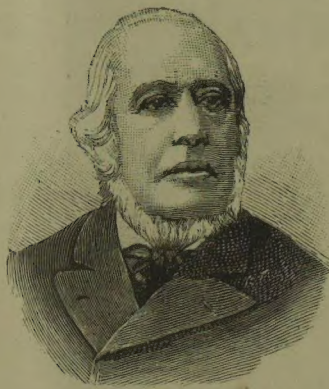
THE LATE RIGHT HON. GEORGE A. F. CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M.P.

in all matters connected with art, and his house in Grafton Street contains a remarkably fine collection of French and Italian pictures. The magnificent candlesticks which grace the altar of St. Paul's Cathedral were his gift, and it was he, it is said, who most strongly protested against the erection of the new reredos. A virtuoso, a scholar, an accomplished amateur actor, a lover of cricket, and the most genial of raconteurs, his thirty-two years' experience in the House of Commons would seem to have taken little from his youthful energy and buoyancy of spirit. For nearly a fortnight before his death he had been staying at his residence at the mouth of Poole Harbour, Dorset, finding amusement in yachting and hunting.

Brownsea Castle, the architectural improvements of which have not long been completed, was Mr. Bentinck's favourite country resort, and the scene of his last hours. The nucleus of this stately, almost feudal-looking edifice was an antique fortified guardhouse, of which, to be sure, but little is left; but the castle is built of grey stone, and harmonises as nearly as possible in character with the ancient tradition. The conservatories are spacious and well planned, while an abundance of classic marbles and fragmentary antiques bestrew the immediate vicinity of the mansion, and lend a strange, half-foreign air to the quaint landing-place. Brownsea Island is an ideal retreat, and has been still further beautified by the skilful landscape-gardening that has been brought to bear upon it by successive occupiers. Picturesque lakes lie embowered amid miniature forests; while artfully devised walks lead up to many a charming point of view, for the landscape of the mainland is varied and pleasing, and the seaward outlook adds an element of romance. The little churchyard forms a fitting resting-place for one who loved Italy so well, for it might almost be taken for a nook on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is shaded by dark, glossy-leaved evergreen trees, and lies in a green pasture surrounded by woods, through which comes, now and again, a glint of the intensely blue sea of the southern coast.

The Private View of the New English Art Club the other day was very numerously attended, so much so that the Dudley Gallery was filled to overflowing with a continually changing crowd the whole of the afternoon. A good many well-known faces were recognised here and there at intervals, when the dense throng thinned or divided. The Empress Frederick's quiet and informal visit to this exhibition was paid a few days earlier, when the secretary and the members of the committee had the honour of receiving her Majesty, who, accompanied by Princess Margaret of Prussia and Count Seckendorff, remained in the gallery for nearly an hour, manifesting the keenest interest in the pictures.

A well-known and much-respected personality disappears



THE LATE M. EDMOND DE PRESSENSÉ.

both from French Huguenot circles and cosmopolitan literary life in the person of Edmond de Pressensé, who died, at the age of sixty-six, in Paris a day or two ago. French correspondent of several well-known English Nonconformist papers, he may be said to have been almost as well known here as abroad, although he was the only French *pasteur* ever elected député, and distinguished himself as member of Paris at the Versailles Assembly held just after the Franco-Prussian war in the Historic Hall of the Jeu de Paume, where Mirabeau had made, some eighty years previously, his famous declaration, by his determined opposition to any form of Monarchy or Empire. In fact, he may be said to have represented the Nonconformist conscience in France. Before entering political life he had been one of the most influential members of the famous "League of Peace," which had been formed under the Third Empire to defend Protestant interests on the Continent; and it was Pressensé who, with Pasteur Monod, was chosen as delegate of the League to go to Russia and ask the Czar to accord religious liberty to the inhabitants of the Baltic provinces. M. De Pressensé was the author of some important works on religious and social questions,

"L'Ancien Monde et le Christianisme," &c. His only son, a well-known journalist, is on the staff of the *Paris Temps*.

The personnel of the Royal Commission is complete, and has been generally approved. The chairman is Lord Hartington, who has large commercial interests in Barrow, and who made an excellent president of the Army Commission, which issued so valuable a report. Other able spokesmen of capital are Sir W. T. Lewis and Mr. George Livesey, who stand for the gas and dock interests; cotton, railways, iron and steel, shipping, and the chemical trades being also represented by employers of labour. The new unionists are given Mr. Tom Mann, of the Dockers' Union, an acute, hard-headed, and highly cultured workman, formerly of the amalgamated engineers. Mr. Mann is a cogent writer, an able organiser, and a man of singular thoroughness of temper and strength of character. The other "advanced" unionist is Mr. Austin, whose reputation, however, is rather that of a trade-unionist than a fighting leader of working-class movements.

The old unionists have Mr. Mawdsley, of the Cotton Spinners, a strong sturdy man, a Conservative in opinion, and, like Mr. Burt, who is also on the Commission, opposed to the legal restriction of hours. On the other, Mr. Abraham, the stalwart and strong-lunged "Mabon" of Welsh fame, is, though an old unionist, in favour of a legal eight-hours day. Mr. Edward Trow, of Darlington, has had a very long experience of sliding-scales in industry and of the working of boards of conciliation and arbitration. On the employers' side, Mr. David Dale, one of the very ablest and most sympathetic captains of industry in the country, and Sir John Gorst's colleague at Berlin, is also a chief promoter of arbitration for the workers in the iron and steel trades, an arrangement which has saved many an industrial battle in the north. Mr. Tait, of the Glasgow Trades Council, and a member of the town council, was one of the leaders of the railway strike in Scotland, and is a long-headed, cautious Scot, of considerable culture, thorough, and occupying a mean position between the old and the new unionism.

The direct representation of the two parties is excellent. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is sympathetic on the labour question, has spoken with great force on it, and has special experience as chairman of the Railway Commission. Sir John Gorst, the other spokesman of the Government, is practically the author of a new labour programme, which is the outcome of his work at Berlin, and he is a shrewd, well-informed politician, who has used his experience above and below the gangway to good effect, and who takes care to keep in nice touch with the movements of opinion. Mr. Henry Fowler, one of the two leading members of the Opposition chosen, is a lawyer, a speaker of some Parliamentary reputation, and a good financier. Mr. Mundella, the Chartist of many years ago, knows the industrial problem well in most of its aspects, from that of the small employer to the organiser of labour on the largest scale.

The two economists are both capable men. Professor Marshall stands equably between the old and the new economy, a learned and patient critic of both schools—*nullius in verba magistri*. He is cautious by temperament, not unsympathetic, a careful student of industrial questions, especially of co-operation, and an extremely learned man, with an acute mind, professorial in bent. Mr. Courtney is personally the most sympathetic of men, and he is also an anti-Socialist and an economist on the moderate, though not extreme, *laissez-faire* lines. The advanced school in English political economy is not perhaps represented at all, but a practical friend of the working-men is added in the person of the enthusiast Mr. Plimsoll. Sir Frederick Pollock appears as an expert in jurisprudence and a man of wide culture. On the whole, a strong and, in some points, brilliant Commission.

The deposed Rajah of Manipur, who was driven from his throne, last autumn, through the machinations of his brother, has been confounded with his more famous father, Chandra Kirti Singh, who died on May 19, 1886. It may be well to mention, therefore, a few facts regarding the latter. He had ruled for thirty-five years, had taken a lively interest in the welfare of his people, and had kept the Valley of Manipur in peace and order during the greater part of his reign, though during the last few years of his life he had been confined by illness to the palace. He was succeeded by his eldest son, Sur Chandra Singh, a young man in his thirty-second year, whose recent dethronement has brought about the present troubles. From the very outset, Sur Chandra Singh appears to have had a troublous time with his relations, his access to power having excited the jealousy of his uncle, Bara Chamba, who had been Maharajah from 1844 to 1850, and who, after some fruitless attempts to gain possession of the throne, finally surrendered to the political agent, and was deported to Hazaribagh. During the last few years Manipur has been held by our troops as a base for operations in the Chindwin Valley of Upper Burma, and both the present *de jure* ruler and his predecessor have loyally co-operated in rendering assistance with supplies and carriage, the burden of which, in a State so thinly peopled and with so few resources, has been considerable.

The latest literary lion in Paris is M. Maurice Barrès, whose career during the past few years is worth being briefly sketched, if only à titre de curiosité. A law student in the Latin Quarter, M. Barrès, like so many other young men before him in Paris and elsewhere, soon forsook law for letters, and became a member of the *cénacles* that meet nightly in certain pothouses on the left bank of the Seine, to discuss with enormous wealth of words all subjects pertaining to philosophy, "psychology," and style and manner both in prose and verse, not to mention other topics, more familiar and less lofty. It was more particularly at the feet of MM. Verlaine and Mallarmé, the "symbolist" poets, of whom the former has lately been made the subject of various critical essays in English journals and reviews, that M. Barrès sat during his novitiate. M. Paul Bourget also encouraged the neophyte with example and precept. A little paper started by M. Barrès, under the title of *Les Tâches d'Encre*, lived, like the roses, but the space of a season. He then brought out a book—"Sous l'Œil des Barbares"—so abstruse that certainly no *barbare* (i.e., Philistine) could be expected to understand it. "Un Homme Libre," M. Barrès's next production, was less "hermetic," and consequently more successful. Politics next attracted M. Barrès's attention. He suddenly discovered he was a Boulangist, and as such was returned for his native town, Nancy.

M. Barrès now sits as the youngest deputy in the Chamber. He has spoken rarely, but with success, and has put the finishing touches to his literary reputation by writing a brilliant series of *chroniques* for the *Figaro* newspaper, and producing a third volume, "Le Jardin Bérénice," forming, with the two others above-mentioned, what friendly critics have denominated a "triptych." "Le Jardin Bérénice" is a graceful, highly wrought production, recalling the manner and sentiment of Sterne, but disfigured by some unnecessary touches of the so-called "realism" from which, apparently, no modern French writer can refrain. As a lecturer on literary and philosophic subjects, at "Bodinier's" and at the Odéon

Theatre, M. Barrès has been very successful. Tall, slender, and scrupulously elegant and "correct" in attire, the new fashionable *littérateur's* personal appearance is in his favour, and he shines socially as well as in politics and literature.

The managing director of the Barrow Naval Construction



THE LATE MR. A. BRYCE-DOUGLAS.

and Armament Company, Mr. Archibald Bryce-Douglas, who died on April 5, at his residence, Seaford Tower, Ardrossan, was an eminent marine engineer. He was fifty years of age, son of the Rev. John Bryce, parish minister of Ardrossan, but assumed the additional name of Douglas on inheriting an estate. After an apprenticeship in the works of Messrs. Randolph, Elder, and Co., at Glasgow, he went to South America, and became engineer of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, but returned in 1876, and was appointed head of the engineering department of the Fairfield Works on the Clyde, those of Messrs. John Elder and Co., afterwards of Sir William Pearce, building many of the finest steamships. In 1888 Mr. Bryce-Douglas was placed over the great works at Barrow-in-Furness, which have been successful under his management, and have recently constructed steamships of a new and superior type for the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, with further intended extensions and improvements in view, providing a new route to Japan and China and to Australia. The death of Mr. Bryce-Douglas is felt to be a considerable loss.

Lord Kimberley, who is to be unofficial *de facto* leader of the Liberal Party in the House of Lords, is a very competent man in his way. He is not in any sense an orator, but a clear common-sense speaker, without graces, but with a solid Quarter Sessions manner, and with wide and accurate knowledge of affairs. The Colonial Office remembers him as a capable administrator, not brilliant, but sound. He takes an active part in the Norfolk County Council, where he speaks often and well, is a Whig by tradition and temperament, and a moderate Home Ruler. His son and heir, Lord Wodehouse, calls himself a Radical, and takes an active part in county politics, usually on an advanced platform. He is a clever, rather impulsive man, contrasting in this respect with the sober caution of his father's character. Lord Kimberley will not give the air of finish, and at times of brilliancy, which Lord Granville's leadership of his very tiny and very wayward flock suggested, but he will do his work in a competent fashion.

The appointment of Mr. Richard Henn Collins, Q.C., to be one of the Justices of the High Court, in place of Mr. Justice Stephen, was announced on April 11. He is the third son of Mr. Stephen Collins, Q.C., of Dublin, was born in 1842, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and at Downing College, Cambridge.

The death of Mr. Morgan Howard will be regretted by many personal friends of a singularly genial man. In another sense, Mr. Howard will be remembered for the persistent ill-success of his candidature for the old Borough of Lambeth, which he fought over and over again. He was a good lawyer of the second class, though his appointment as Chief Commissioner in the Norwich Election Commission was hardly a success. Mr. Howard was a strong party man, and fought the Conservative battle with much energy and perseverance, and at length with the good fortune that he deserved. He settled down at last in a county court judgeship, which some thought was a somewhat poor reward for his services.

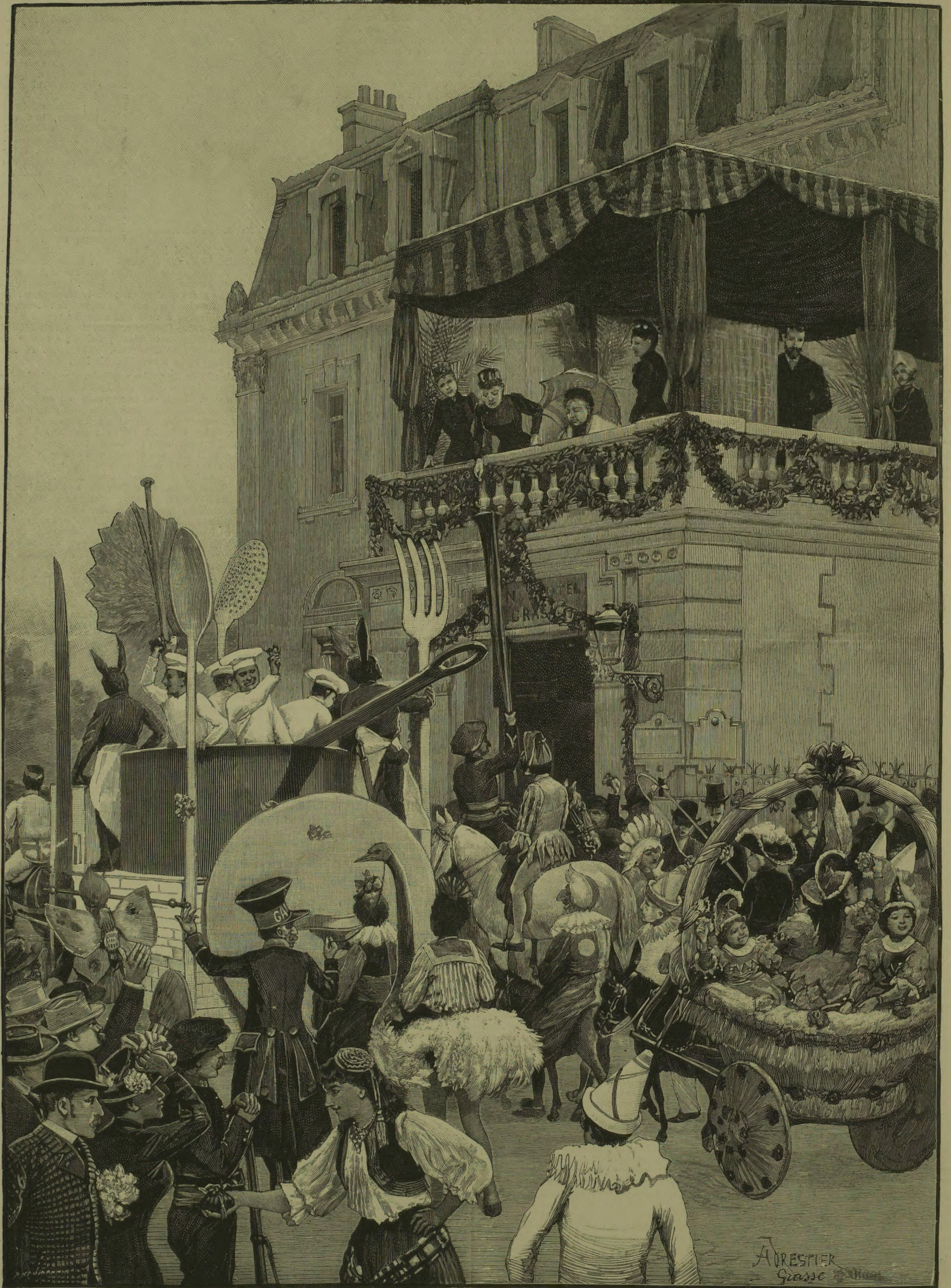


THE LATE MR. MORGAN HOWARD, Q.C.

## THE "COMING DRESS" BAZAAR AT KENSINGTON.

The peep into futurity offered by the ladies of the "Rational Dress Association" at the Kensington Townhall leads one to the melancholy reflection that its members have a good deal of work to do before they will persuade all their sisters to be rational. If locomotion, or restless activity, be the ordained lot of the woman of the future, the less impediment she finds in her petticoats the more easy will be her walk in life; and the "Domestic Hurricane" may find some excuse for scudding with bare poles. Short of this necessity, we fail to see the grounds on which the lady champions of rational dress base their cause. The serviceable dress worn by Lady Harberton, shown under advantages which few members of the society can rival, and the really tasteful dress of Lincoln green worn by the lady who presided over the Fishpond, were perhaps the only costumes which had any pretensions to being at once practical and becoming. The majority of the ladies, young and the reverse, would have been effective at a fancy-dress ball; but we may be quite sure that, in selecting their costumes for such an occasion, the same ladies would have given more heed to the "teachings of nature," and would not have revealed to public gaze certain details over which fashion can, if required, spread a very impenetrable veil. The "Eliotto"—presumably a phonetic, or rational, way of spelling eyelet-hole—is a muddy-weather dress, and might have its *raison d'être* in Devonshire lanes or on Scotch moors, and it is satisfactory to be told that the "Syrian skirt" has solved some of the difficulties of lady cyclists. But ladies are not likely to change their ordinary ways of dress because some few of their sex wish to qualify themselves as amateur pedestrians or to compete in cyclists' tournaments. At any rate, the exhibition was a pretty sight, and it deserves to be marked among all such bazaars and fancy fairs as the only one on record where the stall-holders faithfully adhered to their promise to pester no one to make purchases. Let us hope that the Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants did not suffer on account of the stern adherence of its advocates to their promises.





THE QUEEN AT GRASSE.—BATTLE OF FLOWERS: CAVALCADE BEFORE THE GRAND HOTEL—PRINCESS BEATRICE GIVING MONEY.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*On a sudden, however, she turned and suffered him to put the coat on her, which he did with great ostentation of anxiety and a vast deal of smiling.*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER XVI.

#### ON BOARD "THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD."

At that moment the man whom the captain styled Nakier entered the little cuddy, followed by the steward. He made a singular gesture, a sort of salaam, bowing his head and whipping both hands to his brow, but with something of defiance in the celerity of the gesture. He was the man whom I had seen haranguing the two boatmen. He had a large, fine intelligent eye, liquid and luminous, despite the Asiatic duskiness of its pupil; his features were regular and almost handsome: an aquiline nose, thin and well chiselled at the nostrils, a square brow, small ears decorated with thick gold hoops, and teeth as though formed of china. The expression of his face was mild and even prepossessing, his complexion a light yellow. He bore in his hand what had apparently been a soldier's foraging cap, and was dressed in an old pilot jacket, a red shirt, and a pair of canvas breeches held by a belt, to which was attached a sheath containing a knife lying tight against his hip. He took me and Helga in with a rapid roll of his handsome eyes, then looked straight at the captain in a posture of attention, with a little contraction of the brow.

"I want a couple of the berths below cleared out at once," said the captain. "Goh Syn Koh seems one of the smartest among you. Send him. Also send Mow Lauree. He can make a bed, I hope? He is making a bed for himself! Bear a hand and clear this table, Punmeamootty, so as to be able to assist. You'll superintend the work, Nakier. See all clean and comfortable."

"Yaas, Sah," said the man.

He was going.

"Stop!" exclaimed the captain, smiling all the time he continued to talk. "Did you eat your dinner to-day?"

"No, Sah."

"What has become of it?"

"Overboard, Sah," answered the man, preserving his slight frown.

"Overboard! As good a mess of pork and pea-soup as was ever served out to a ship's company. Overboard! That is the third time. If it happens again"—he checked himself with a glance at Helga: "if it happens again," he went on, speaking with an air of concern, "I shall be obliged to stop the beef."

"We cannot eat pork, Sah—we are Mussulmen"—he was proceeding.

The captain silenced him with a bland motion of the hand.

"Send the men aft, Nakier," said he, with a small increase of nasal twang in his utterance, "and see that the cleaning and the clearance out is thorough."

He gave him a hard, significant nod, and the man marched

out, directing an eager look at me as he wheeled round, as though for my sympathy.

Punmeamootty was clearing the table with much ill-dissembled agitation in the hurry of his movements: his swift glances went from the captain to me, and then to Helga. They were like the flashing of a stiletto, keen as the darting blue gleam of the blade, and they would be as murderous, too, I thought, if the man could execute his wishes with his eyes. I believed the captain would now make some signal to leave the table, but he continued to sit on.

"Did you observe that man just now?" said he, addressing Helga. She answered "Yes." "Handsome, do you think?" said he, combing a whisker.

"He had a mild, pleasant face," she answered.

"His name," said he, "is Vangoor Nakier. He is boss of the native crew, and I allow him to act as a sort of boatswain. It is hard to reconcile so agreeable a countenance with the horrible and awful belief which must make him for ever and ever a lost soul, if he is not won over in plenty of time for repentance, for prayer and mortification."

"You seem to have the fellows' names very pat," said I. "Are you acquainted with the Malay tongue?"

"Ah!" cried he, with a shake of the head; "I wish I were. I might then prove a true missionary to the poor benighted fellows. Yet I shall hope to have broken heavily into their deplorable and degraded superstitions before I dismiss them at Cape Town."

I caught sight of the shadowy form of the steward lurking abaft the companion steps, where he seemed busy with some plates and a basket.

"It is your hope," said I, "to convert the Mussulmen?"

"It is my hope, indeed," he answered; "and pray, what honest hope should possess a man?"

"It is an admirable desire," said I, "but a little dangerous perhaps."

"Why?" asked he.

"Well," said I, "I am no traveller. I have seen nothing of the world, but I have read, and I have always gathered from books of voyages, that there is no class of men more bigoted in their faith and more treacherous in their conduct than Malay seamen."

"Hush!" cried Helga, putting her finger to her lips and looking in the direction of the steward.

The captain turned in his chair.

"Are you there, Punmeamootty?"

"Yes, Sah," and his figure came swiftly gliding into the light.

"Go below and help the others! They should be at work by this time."

The man went out on to the quarterdeck, where, close against the cuddy front, lay the little hatch that conducted to the steerage.

"You are quite right," exclaimed the captain, lying back and expanding his waistcoat. "Malay seamen are, undoubtedly, treacherous. In fact, treachery is part and parcel of the Malay character. It is the people of that nation who run a-muck, you know."

"What is that?" inquired Helga.

"A fellow falls crazy," answered the captain, smiling, "whips out a weapon called a creese, and stabs and kills as many as he can encounter as he flies through the streets."

"They are a people to live on good terms with," said Helga, looking at me.

"They are a people," said the captain, nasally accentuating his words, "who are to be brought to a knowledge of the Light; and, in proportion as the effort is dangerous, so should the worker glory in his task."

He gazed at Helga, as though seeking her approval of this sentiment. But she was looking at me with an expression of anxiety in her soft blue eyes.

"I gather," said I, with curiosity stimulated by thought of the girl's and my situation aboard this homely little barque, with her singular skipper and wild, dark crew—"I gather, Captain Bunting, from what has passed, that the blow you are now levelling at these fellows' superstitions—as you call them—is aimed at their diet?"

"Just so," he answered. "I am trying to compel them to eat pork. Who knows that before the Equator be crossed I may not have excited a real love for pork among them? That would be a great work, Sir. It will sap one of the most contemptible of their superstitions, and provide me with a little crevice for the insertion of the wedge of truth."

"I believe pork," said I, "is not so much a question of religion as a question of health with these poor dark creatures, bred in hot latitudes."

"Pork enters largely into their faith," he answered.

"So far, you have not been very successful, I think?"

"No. You heard what Vanjoor Nakier said. The wasteful wretches have for the third time cast their allowance overboard. Only think, Miss Nielsen, of wilfully throwing over the rail as much hearty excellent food—honest salt pork and very fair pea-soup—as would keep a poor family at home in dinners for a week!"

"What do they eat instead?" she asked.

"Why, on pork days, biscuit, I suppose. There is nothing else."

"You give them beef every other day?" said I.

"Beef and duff," he answered; "but I shall stop that. Famine may help me in dealing with their superstitions."

It was not for me, partaking, as Helga and I were, of this man's hospitality, using his ship, dependent upon him indeed for my speedy return home with Helga—it was not for me, I say, at this early time at all events, to remonstrate with him,



to tell him that, exalted as he might consider his motives, they were urging him into a very barbarous, cruel behaviour; but, as I sat looking at him, my emotion, spite of his claims upon my kindness, was one of hearty disgust, with deeper feelings working in me besides, when I considered that, if our evil fortune forced us to remain for any length of time on board 'The Light of the World,' we might find his theory of conversion making his ship a theatre for as bad a tragedy as was ever enacted upon the high seas.

On a sudden he looked up at a little timepiece that was ticking against a beam just over his head.

"Have you any acquaintance with the sea, Mr. Tregarthen?" he asked.

"Merely a boating acquaintance," I replied.

"Could you stand a watch?"

"I could keep a look-out," said I, a little dismayed by these questions, "but I am utterly ignorant of the handling of a ship."

He looked reflectively at Helga, then at me, pulling down first one whisker, then the other, while his thick lips lay broad in a smile under his long hooked nose.

"Oh, well," said he, "Abraham Wise will do." He went to the cuddy door and called, "Forward there!"

"Yaas, Sah," came a thick Africander-like note out of the fore-castle obscurity.

"Ask Abraham Wise to step aft."

He resumed his seat, and in a few minutes Abraham arrived. Helga instantly rose and gave him her hand with a sweet cordial smile that was full of her gratification at the sight of him. For my part, it did my heart good to see him. After the fallow countenance and odd talk of the captain and the primrose complexions and scowling glances of his Malays, there was real refreshment to the spirits to be got out of the homely English face and English 'longshore garb of the boatman, with the man's suggestions, besides, of the English Channel and of home.

"And how is Jacob?" said I.

"Oh, he's a-feeeling a little better, Sir. A good bit down, of course, as we both are. 'Taint realisable even now."

"Do you refer to the loss of your lugger?" said Captain Bunting.

"Ay, Sir, to the Airly Marn," answered Abraham, confronting him, and gazing at him with a steadfastness that slightly increased his squint.

"But surely, my good fellow," cried the captain, "you had plenty of time, I hope, to feel thoroughly grateful for your preservation from the dreadful fate which lay before you had Providence suffered you to continue your voyage?"

"Oi dunno about dreadful fate," answered Abraham: "all I can say is I should be blooming glad if that there Airly Marn was afloat again, or if so be as we'd never fallen in with this here Light of the World."

"It is as I told you, you perceive," exclaimed the captain, smiling and addressing Helga and me in his blindest manner: "as we descend the social scale, recognition of signal and providential mercies grows feebler and feebler, until it dies out—possibly before it gets down to Deal boatmen. I want a word with you, Abraham Wise. But first, how have you been treated forward?"

"Oh, werry well indeed, Sir," he answered. "The mate showed us where to turn in when the time comes round, and I desay we'll manage to git along all right till we gets clear of ye."

"What have you had to eat?"

"The mate gave us a little bit o' pork for to be biled, but ye've got a black cook forrads as seemed to Jacob and me to take the dressing of that there meat werry ill."

The captain seemed to motion the matter aside with his hand, and said: "My vessel is without a second mate; I mean, a man qualified to take charge of the deck when Mr. Jones and I are below. Now, I am thinking that you would do very well for that post."

"I'd rather go home, Sir," said Abraham.

"Ay," said the captain, complacently surveying him, "but while you are with me, you know, you must be prepared to do your bit. I find happiness assisting a suffering man. But," added he, nasally, "in this world we must give and take. You eat my meat and sleep in what I think I may fairly term my bed-room. What pay do I exact? Simply the use of your eyes and limbs."

He glanced with a very self-satisfied expression at Helga. It seemed, indeed, that most of his talk now was at her when not directly to her. She had come round to my side of the table after leaving Abraham, and I had given her my chair and stood listening with my hand on the back of it.

"I'm quite willing to turn to," said Abraham, "while I'm along with ye, Sir. I ain't afeared of work. I don't want no man's grub nor shelter for nothen."

"Quite right," said the captain, "those are respectable sentiments. Of course, if you accepted my offer I should pay you, give you the wages that Winstanley had—four pounds a month for the round voyage."

Abraham scratched the back of his head and looked at me. This proposal evidently put a new complexion upon the matter to his mind.

"You can handle a ship, I presume?" continued the captain.

"Whoy, yes," answered Abraham, with a grin of wonder at the question: "if I ain't been poilothing long enough to know that sort o' work, ye shall call me a Malay."

"I should not require a knowledge of navigation in you," said the captain.

Abraham responded with a bob of the head, then scratching at his back hair afresh, said, "I must ask leave to turn the matter over. I should like to talk with my mate along o' this."

"I'll put him on the articles, too, if he likes, at the current wages," said the captain. "However, think over it. You can let me know to-morrow. But I shall expect you to take charge during the middle watch."

"That I'll willingly dew, Sir," answered Abraham. "But how about them Ceylon chaps and Malays forrads? Dew they understand sea terms?"

"Perfectly well," answered the captain, "or how should I and Mr. Jones get along, thank you?"

"Well," exclaimed Abraham, "I han't had much to say to 'em as yet. One chap's been talking a good deal this evening, and I allow he's got a grievance, as most sailors has. There's some sort o' difficulty: I allow it lies in the eating; but a man wants practice to follow noicely what them there sort o' coloured covies has to say."

"Well," exclaimed the captain, with another bland wave of the hand in dismissal of the subject, "we understand each other, at all events, my lad."

He went to the locker from which he had extracted the biscuits, produced a bottle of rum, and filled a wine-glass.

"Neat or with water?" said he, smiling.

"I've pretty nigh had enough water for to-day, Sir," answered Abraham, grinning too, and looking very well pleased at this act of attention. "Here's to you, Sir, I'm sure, and wishing you a prosperous voyage. Mr. Tregarthen, your health, Sir, and yours, Miss, and may ye both soon get home and find everything comfortable and roight." He

drained the glass with a smack of his lips. "As pretty a little drop o' rum as I've had this many a day," said he.

"You can tell Jacob to lay aft presently," said the captain, "when the steward is at liberty, and he will give him such another dose. That will do."

Abraham knuckled his forehead, pausing to say to me in a hoarse whisper, which must have been perfectly audible to the captain, "A nice gemman, and no mistake."

"I am going below," said the captain when he was gone, "to see after your accommodation. Will you sit here," addressing Helga, "or will you go on deck for a few turns? I fear you will find the air chilly."

"I will go on deck with you, Hugh," answered Helga.

The captain ran his eye over her.

"You are without luggage," said he, "and, alas! wanting in almost everything; but if you will allow me"—he broke off and went to his cabin, and before we could have found time to exchange a whisper, returned with a very handsome, almost new, fur coat.

"Now, Miss Nielsen," said he, "you will suffer me to wrap you in this."

"Indeed my jacket will keep me warm," she answered, with that same look of shrinking in her face I have before described.

"Nay, but wear it, Helga," said I, anxious to meet the man, at all events, halfway in his kindness. "It is a delightful coat—the very thing for the keen wind that is blowing on deck!"

Had I offered to put it on for her she would at once have consented, but I could observe the recoil in her from the garment stretched in the captain's hands, with his pale fat face smiling betwixt his long whiskers over the top of it. On a sudden, however, she turned and suffered him to put the coat on her, which he did with great ostentation of anxiety and a vast deal of smiling, and, as I could not help perceiving, with a deal more of lingering over the act than there was the least occasion for.

"Wonderfully becoming, indeed!" he exclaimed; "and now to see that your cabin is comfortable."

He passed through the door, and we mounted the companion steps.

The night was so dark that there was very little to be seen of the vessel. Her dim spaces of canvas made a mere pale whistling shadow of her as they floated, waving and bowing, in dim heaps through the obscurity. There was a frequent glancing of white water to windward and a dampness as of spray in the wind, but the little barque tossed with dry decks over the brisk Atlantic heave, crushing the water off either bow into a dull light of seething, against which, when she stooped her head, the round of the fore-castle showed like a segment of the shadow in an eclipse of the moon. The haze of the cabin-lamp lay about the skylight, and the figure of the mate appeared in and vanished past it with monotonous regularity as he paced the short poop. There was a haze of light, too, about the binnacle-stand, with a sort of elusive stealing into it of the outline of the man at the helm. Forward the vessel lay in blackness. It was blowing what sailors call a topgallant breeze, with, perhaps, more weight in it even than that; but the squabness of this Light of the World promised great stiffness, and, though the wind had drawn some point or so forward while we were at table, the barque rose as stiff to it as though she had been under reefed topsails.

"Will you take my arm, Helga?" said I.

"Let me first turn up the sleeves of this coat," said she.

I helped her to do this; she then put her hand under my arm, and we started to walk the lee-side of the deck as briskly as the swing of the planks would suffer. Scarcely were we in motion when the mate came down to us from the weather-side.

"Beg pardon," said he. "Won't you and the lady walk to wind'ard?"

"Oh, we shall be in your way!" I answered. "It is a cold wind."

"It is, Sir."

"But it promises a fair night," said I.

"I hope so," he exclaimed. "Dirty weather don't agree with dirty skins."

He turned on his heel and resumed his post on the weather-side of the deck.

"Dirty skins mean Malays in that chief mate's nautical dictionary," said I.

"Hugh! how thankful I shall be when we are transferred to another ship!"

"Ay, indeed! but surely this is better than the lugger?"

"No! I would rather be in the lugger."

"How now, Helga?" cried I. "We are very well treated here. Surely the captain has been all hospitality. No warm-hearted host ashore could do more. Why, here is he now at this moment superintending the arrangement of our cabins below to ensure our comfort!"

"I do not like him at all!" said she, in a tone which her slightly Danish accent rendered emphatic.

"I do not like his treatment of the men," said I, "but he is kind to us."

"There is an unwholesome mind in his flabby face!" she exclaimed.

I could not forbear a laugh at this strong language in the little creature.

"And then his religion!" she continued. "Does a truly pious nature talk as he does? I can understand professional religionists intruding their calling upon strangers; but I have always found sincerity in matters of opinion modest and reserved—I mean among what you call laymen. What right has this man to force upon those poor fellows forward the food that they are forbidden by their faith to eat?"

"Yes," said I; "that is a vile side of the man's nature, I must own; vile to you and me and to the poor Malays, I mean. But, surely, there must be sincerity too, or why should he bother himself?"

"It may be meanness," said she: "he wants to save his beef; meanness and that love of tyrannising which is oftener to be found among the captains of your nation, Hugh, than mine!"

"Your nation!" said I, laughing. "I claim you for Great Britain by virtue of your English speech. No pure Dane could talk your mother's tongue as you do. Spite of what you say, though, I believe the man sincere. Would he, situated as he is—two white men to eleven yellow-skinned (for we and the boatmen must count ourselves out of it)—would he, I say, dare venture to arouse the passions—the religious passions—of a set of men who hail from the most treacherous community of people in the world, if he were not governed by some dream of converting them?—a fancy that, were you to transplant it ashore, would be reckoned noble and of a scriptural and martyr-like greatness."

"That may be," she answered; "but he is going very wickedly to work, nevertheless, and it will not be his fault if those coloured sailors do not dangerously mutiny long before he shall have persuaded the most timid and doubting of them that pork is good to eat."

"Yes," said I, gravely; for she spoke with a sort of impassioned seriousness that must have influenced me, even

if I had not been of her mind. "I, for one, should certainly fear the worst if he persists—and I don't doubt he will persist, if Abraham and the other boatmen agree to remain with him; for then it will be four to eleven—desperate odds, indeed, though, as an Englishman, he is bound to underrate the formidableness of anything coloured. However," said I, with a glance into the darkness over the side, "do not doubt that we shall be transhipped long before any trouble happens. I shall endeavour to have a talk with Abraham before he decides. What he and Jacob then do, they will do with their eyes open."

As I spoke these words the captain came up the ladder and approached us.

"Ha! Miss Nielsen," he cried, "were not you wise to put on that warm coat? All is ready below; but still let me hope that you will change your mind and occupy Mr. Jones's berth."

"Thank you; for the short time we shall remain in this ship the cabin you have been good enough to prepare will be all I shall require," she answered.

He peered through the skylight to see the hour.

"Five minutes to eight," he exclaimed. "Mr. Jones!"

The man crossed the deck. "I have arranged," said the captain, "with the Deal boatman Abraham Wise to take charge of the barque during the middle watch. It is an experiment, and I shall require to be up and down during those hours to make sure of him. Not that I distrust his capacities. Oh dear no! From the vicious slipping of cables, merely for sordid purposes of hovelling, to the noble art of navigating a ship in a hurricane amid the shoals of the Straits of Dover, your Deal boatman is the most expert of men. But," continued he, "since I shall have to be up and down, as I have said, during the middle watch, I will ask you to keep charge of the deck till midnight."

"Very good, Sir," said the mate, who appeared to me to have been on duty ever since the hour of our coming aboard. "It will keep the round of the watches steady, Sir. The port-watch comes on duty at eight bells."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the captain. "Thank you, Mr. Jones."

The mate stalked aft.

"Mr. Tregarthen," he added, "I observe that you wear a sou'wester."

"It is the headgear I wore when I put off in the life-boat," said I, "and I am waiting to get home to exchange it."

"No need, no need!" cried he; "I have an excellent wide-awake below—not, indeed, perfectly new, but a very serviceable clinging article for ocean use—which is entirely at your service."

"You are all kindness!"

"Nay," he exclaimed in a voice of devotion, "I believe I know my duty. Shall we linger here, Miss Nielsen, or would you prefer the shelter of the cabin? At half past eight Punmeamooty will place some hot water, biscuit, and a little spirit upon the table. I fear I shall be at a loss to divert you."

"Indeed not!" exclaimed Helga.

The unconscious irony of this response must have disconcerted a less self-complacent man.

"I have a few volumes of an edifying kind, and a draught-board. My resources for amusing you, I fear, are limited to those things."

The sweep of the wind was bleaker than either of us had imagined, and, now that the captain had joined us, the deck possessed no temptation. We followed him into the cabin, where Helga hastily removed the coat as though fearing the captain would help her. His first act was to produce the wide-awake he had spoken of. This was a very great convenience to me; the sou'wester lay hot and heavy upon my head, and the sense of its extreme unsightliness added not a little to the discomfort it caused me. He looked at my sea-boots and then at his feet, and, with his head on one side, exclaimed, in his most smiling manner, that he feared his shoes would prove too large for me, but that I was very welcome to the use of a pair of his slippers. These also I gratefully accepted, and withdrew to Mr. Jones's berth to put them on, and the comfort of being thus shod, after days of the weight and unwieldiness of my sea-boots, it would be impossible to express.

"I think we shall be able to make ourselves happy yet," said the captain. "Pray sit, Miss Nielsen. Do you smoke, Mr. Tregarthen?"

"I do, indeed," I answered, "whenever I can get the chance."

He looked at Helga, who said to me: "Pray smoke here, Hugh, if the captain does not object. My father seldom had a pipe out of his mouth, and I was constantly in his cabin with him."

"You are truly obliging," said the captain; and going to the locker in which he kept his rum, biscuits, and the like, he took out a cigar-box, and handed me as well-flavoured a Havannah as ever I had smoked in my life. All this kindness and hospitality was, indeed, overwhelming, and I returned some very lively thanks, to which he listened with a smile, afterwards, as his custom was, waving them aside with his hand. He next entered his cabin and returned with some half-dozen books, which he put before Helga. I leaned over her shoulder to look at them, and speedily recognised "The Whole Duty of Man," "The Pilgrim's Progress," Young's "Night Thoughts," a volume by Jeremy Taylor, and the rest were of this sort of literature. Helga opened a volume and seemed to read. When I turned to ask the captain a question about these books, I found him staring at her profile out of the corner of his eyes, while with his right hand he stroked his whisker meditatively.

"These are all very good books," said I, "particularly the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'"

"Yes," he answered with a sigh; "works of that kind during my long periods of loneliness upon the high seas are my only solace, and lonely I am. All ship-captains are more or less alone when engaged in their profession, but I am peculiarly so."

"I should have thought the Church, Captain, would have suited you better than the sea," said I.

"Not the Church," he answered. "I am a Nonconformist, and Dissent is stamped upon a long pedigree. Pray light up, Mr. Tregarthen."

He took his seat at the head of the table, put a match to his cigar, the sight of which betwixt his thick lips considerably humanised him in my opinion, and, clasping his pale, gouty-looking hands upon the table, leaned forward, furtively eyeing Helga over the top of his cigar, which forked up out of his mouth like the bowsprit of a ship.

His conversation chiefly concerned himself, his past career, his antecedents, and so forth. He talked as one who wishes to stand well with his hearers. He spoke of a Lady Duckett as a connection of his on his mother's side, and I observed that he paused on pronouncing the name. He told us that his mother had come from a very ancient family that had been for centuries established in Cumberland, but he was reticent on the subject of his father. He talked much of his daughter Judith's loneliness at home, and said he grieved that she was without a companion; someone who would be equally dear to



them both; and as he said this he lay back in his chair in a very amplitude of waistcoat, with his eyes fixed on the upper deck and his whole posture suggestive of pensive thought.

Well, thought I, this, to be sure, is a very strange sort of sea captain. I had met various skippers in my day, but none like this man. Even a trifling expletive would have been refreshing in his mouth. From time to time Helga glanced at him, but with an air of aversion that was not to be concealed from me, however self-complacency might blind him to it. She suddenly exclaimed, with almost startling inconsequentiality—

"You will be greatly obliging us, Captain Bunting, by giving orders to Mr. Jones or to Abraham to keep a look-out for ships sailing north during the night. We can never tell what passing vessel might not be willing to receive Mr. Tregarthen and me."

"What! In the darkness of night?" he exclaimed. "How should we signal? How would you have me convey my desire to communicate?"

"By a blue light, or by burning a port-fire," said Helga, shortly.

"Ah, I see you are a thorough sailor—you are not to be instructed," he cried, jocosely wagging his whiskers at her. "Think of a young lady being acquainted with the secret of night communications at sea! I fear—I fear we shall have to wait for the daylight. But what," he exclaimed unctuously, "is the reason of this exceeding desire to return home?"

"Oh, captain," said I, "home is home."

"And Mr. Tregarthen wishes to return to his mother," said Helga.

"But, my dear young lady, your home is not in England, is it?" he asked.

She coloured, faltered, and then answered: "My home is in Denmark."

"You have lost your poor dear father," said he, "and I think I understood you to say, Mr. Tregarthen, that Miss Nielsen's poor dear mother fell asleep some years since."

This was a guess on his part. I had no recollection whatever of having told him anything of the sort.

"I am an orphan," exclaimed Helga, with a little hint of tears in her eyes, "and—and, Captain Bunting, Mr. Tregarthen and I want to return home."

"Captain Bunting will see to that, Helga," said I, conceiving her somewhat too importunate in this direction.

She answered me with a singularly wistful anxious look.

The conversation came to a pause through the entrance of Punmeanmooty. He arrived with a tray and hot water, which he placed upon the table together with some glasses. The captain produced wine and a bottle of rum. Helga would take nothing, though no one could have been more hospitably pressing than Captain Bunting. For my part, I was glad to fill my glass, as much for the sake of the tonic of the spirit as for the desire to appear entirely sociable with this strange skipper.

"You can go forward," he exclaimed to the Malay; and the fellow went gliding on serpentine legs, as it veritably seemed to me, out through the door.

No further reference was made to the subject of our leaving the barque. The captain was giving us his experiences of the Deal boatmen, and relating an instance of heroic roguery on the part of the crew of a galley-punt, when a noise of thick, throaty, African-like yowling was heard sounding from somewhere forward, accompanied by one or two calls from the mate overhead.

"I expect Mr. Jones is taking in the foretop-gallant sail," said the captain. "Can it be necessary? I will return shortly." And, giving Helga a convulsive bow, he pulled his wideawake to his ears and went on deck.

"You look at me, Hugh," said Helga, fixing her artless, sweet, and modest eyes upon me, "when I speak to Captain Bunting as though I do wrong."

I answered gently, "No. But is it not a little ungracious, Helga, to keep on expressing your anxiety to get away, in the face of all this hospitable treatment and kindly anxiety to make us comfortable and happy while we remain?"

She looked somewhat abashed. "I wish he was not so kind," she said.

"What is your misgiving?" said I, inclining towards her to catch a better view of her face.

"I fear he will not make haste to tranship us," she answered.

"But why should he want to keep us?"

She glanced at me with an instant surprise emphasised by a brief parting of her lips that was yet not a smile. She made no answer, however.

"He will not want to keep us," continued I, talking with the confidence of a young man to a girl whom he is protecting, and whose behaviour assures him that she looks up to him and values his judgment. "We may prove very good company for a day or two, but the master of a vessel of this sort is a man who counts his sixpences, and he has no idea of maintaining us for a longer time than he can possibly help, depend upon it."

"I hope so," she answered.

"But you don't think so," said I, struck by her manner.

She answered by speaking of his treatment of his crew, and we were upon this subject when he descended the cabin ladder.

"A small freshening of the wind," said he, "and a trifling squall of rain." There was no need for him to tell us this, for his long whiskers sparkled with water drops, and carried evidences of a brisk shower. "The barque is now very snug, and there is nothing in sight," said he, with a sort of half-humorous reproachful significance in his way of turning to Helga.

She smiled, as though by smiling she believed I should be pleased. The captain begged her to drink a little wine and eat a biscuit, and she consented. This seemed to gratify him, and his behaviour visibly warmed while he relighted his cigar, mixed himself another little dose, and resumed his chat about Deal boatmen and his experiences in the Downs.

(To be continued.)

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

A conference was lately held at Manchester on the topic of juvenile smoking. Needless to say, the object of the conference was that of endeavouring to prevent the practice of smoking among boys—a difficult though, it must be confessed, highly desirable piece of preventive work. For, of all subjects, boys, I think, are most difficult to deal with in respect of their smoking habits; and, when once the desire "to ape the man" in this respect has set in, there is no telling the cunning devices to which boys will resort for the purpose of enjoying the stolen pleasure of the fragrant weed. Abroad, in certain American States, of course, laws are passed forbidding the sale of tobacco to young persons under a given age; while, if I mistake not, these laws are also competent to punish juvenile smokers. In Germany, I understand, no one may use tobacco under the age of sixteen. Here, in this very free country of ours, anybody may smoke, and it is said that "infants" in Lancashire, of the age of six years, may occasionally be seen manfully puffing at pipe or cigarette in imitation of their elders.

That the use of tobacco, like that of alcohol, is decidedly injurious to the young is not questioned by anybody of whom I have heard, lay or medical. Tobacco exercises upon the youthful nervous system a sedative action which is not only

present a topic utterly foreign to these "Science Jottings." It is, however, the great glory of science that nothing is either too great or too small in all the wide domain of nature for its investigation and discussion, and I find certain interesting thoughts suggested simultaneously to my mind by the consideration of the Clitheroe case and the report of certain lectures on "Secondary Sexual Characters" delivered before the College of Surgeons by Professor Charles Stewart. From the scientific point of view, the superiority of the female sex (in some things and in certain grades of life) may be freely admitted. Secondary sexual characters, I may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, are those whereby we are enabled to distinguish male from female animals (and plants) independently of the characters which are more especially connected with the production of young. Now, judging the animal world by such secondary characters, which, it will be seen, place the two sexes on a fairly equal basis, we find that as regards plants, according to Mr. Stewart, where any differences are perceptible, the female plants are the larger. Among such animals as insects the same result is found; and, as for spiders, it is well known that not only is "the grey mare the better horse" universally, but the lady spider rules the household, even to the extent of eating and devouring her partner on occasion. Among frogs and fishes, the females are bigger than the males; but, when colour and attractiveness are taken into consideration, the order of things seen in humanity is reversed, and the males in lower life present an infinitely more brilliant dress than do their mates.

Coming now to our own division of the animal world—the mammals or quadrupeds—we find, curiously enough, that it is the male mammal which is the larger and better-developed of the two. This (*pace* the Clitheroe case from a scientific point of view, and excluding the highly courteous legal phases of that famous trial) is a significant fact. What obtains in lower life, it seems, does not hold good for the top of the animal tree. The rôle of the female spider is unknown among the mammals, and the ladies have "to take a back seat," as the schoolboys say, in respect of inferiority in size at least. Again, it might be shown that as regards individual organs of the body, from bones to brain, the female is of lighter build than the male, and this holds especially true of man. Even in lower life, where the females, as regards size, exceed the males, the sense-organs of the latter are more fully developed than are those of the females. Where horns, as in the deer, are possessed by the males only, it may be contended that they have been lost by the opposite sex through their having no need for them, and through their trusting for defence to the males—a touching biological commentary on the recent legal proceedings!

How far human society, with its widely different conditions from those seen in lower life, and with its multifarious and complex interests arising out of the domain of mind as distinguished from that of mere physical wants alone, corresponds with lower life is, of course, an open matter. Possibly the phases and stages of human evolution, as now represented among us, are working in the direction of bringing up the female sex to the level of the male. The fierce competition between the sexes for work as a means of livelihood—due, in my humble opinion, to over-population as a primary cause—must assuredly induce new and more equitable conditions between the sexes, and must react in time upon the relative natural inequalities which are represented in their history. The woman of the future may thus approach more nearly to man, physically and mentally. Whether she will be a happier unit than now is a matter I do not profess to be able to discuss. All the same, I think it is probable that the ultimate equality of the sexes is not an idea unencouraged by science; and the late legal decision may only prove in time to be the lawyer's anticipation of an era when woman will be as good as man—or better, if we may judge things by recent expressions of opinion from the female side.

Railway enterprise is busy on the north-western frontier of India. Besides the projected line to Kashmir, which will open an easy route to a perfect paradise for sportsmen and lovers of the picturesque, and also develop and strengthen an important outlying State, a survey is being made for a railway which shall leave the British frontier opposite Dera Ismail Khan and run through the length of the newly annexed Zhob valley and join on to the Sind-Pishin line. Meantime, the last-mentioned railway has overcome its most formidable obstacle in the piercing of the Amran. The tunnel just completed is not prodigious when compared with the Mont Cenis and other great European tunnels—it is nearly 2½ miles in length—but when the locality is taken into consideration, and it is remembered that the plant, stores, machinery, and labour have had to be imported, the country through which the line passes producing nothing but brick-clay, its difficulties will be better appreciated. Fifty English miners were engaged from England, and these have been employed in the more dangerous work of "timbering," besides which about four thousand natives, Pathans or Afghans, Punjabis, Arabs, Kashmiris, Mekranis, and one solitary Zanzibari, daily answered to the muster roll. With two highways over and one highway through the mountain, we should be in a far better position, if we were ever involved in hostilities with Russia or Afghanistan. From a commercial point of view it is hardly likely that the new line will ever pay. The gradients are too steep and the country is too poor: at the same time, there is a fair import of fruit, vegetables, and raw wool into British territory, and tolerably brisk export of cotton piece goods, metals, and sugar by the same line. But, as a political step, tending to the security of the Indian frontier, this railway, as well as the supplementary line along the Zhob valley, will prove of the highest moment.

The Bishop of Chester presided on April 9, in that city, over a crowded meeting of shop assistants agitating for a weekly half-holiday. The Duke of Westminster wrote a letter warmly sympathising with the movement. The Bishop said that men of all shades of religious and political conviction were agreed upon the general lines of that movement. Throughout Chester there was a unanimity of feeling on this point, and they wanted to give as much relief as possible to the undoubtedly hard-worked and overtasked shop assistants. He believed shop assistants were as well qualified to be trusted with leisure as any class of the community, and advised a mixed committee of employers and representative assistants to work out the details of a successful scheme.



AN OLD HOUSE IN GRASSE.

injurious in itself, but tends to bring about very serious changes in the nutritive processes which are building up the young and growing frame. In a word, smoking and alcohol alike interfere seriously with nutrition as represented in the growing body, and in this light are to be avoided like the poisons they are. Of the conditions under which either may be indulged in during mature life, I need say nothing here. Age makes all the difference in the world in respect of the effects of tobacco at least, and what may be—and I am fain to allege personally is—a solace to the man may, logically enough, be a poison to the boy. The Manchester conference is, therefore, a step in the right direction. If it be true that 80 per cent. of youthful Lancashire smokes, then things have come to a pass at which, perhaps, one may have sympathy with those who ask for a law against juvenile smoking. Whether such a measure would act in a preventive sense is doubtful, however; and even a much-incensed parent might rather prefer to have the chastisement of his son left in his own hands than to see the law step in and commit the boy to durance vile, or to the tender mercies of the birch. There is left to us the power of moral suasion, and this may do much in the way of effecting an improvement. Lancashire boys, I presume, are taught physiology at school. Let the teacher give them a word in season about smoking in the course of his physiological prelections, and, for the rest, let parents keep a sharp look-out for the odour of tobacco. That parents would be none the worse of a word of advice in this latter respect is not an unjustifiable argument; and the prevention of smoking, like charity itself, is a thing which will, probably, be found to be best exemplified when it begins at home.

The Clitheroe abduction case, with its famous judgment in favour of Mrs. Jackson, may appear, at first sight, to

The name of Mr. John Albert Bright has been substituted for that of the late Mr. Bradlaugh upon the Royal Commission on Vaccination.

In the census for 1801 Islington was described as "a merry village adjacent to London, and a favourite resort for its citizens," and the population was given at 10,121. Now its inhabitants number 358,000.



## PROVENCE AND GRASSE.

We have described the interesting old town of Grasse, where our Queen sojourns and enjoys delightful excursions to view the romantic scenery of its neighbourhood. Our Artist, M. Forestier, contributes a few more Sketches. The quaint aspect of the steep, narrow, crooked streets, not unlike those of the old upper town of San Remo, with houses often built against a wall of rock, so that the several floors can be entered from the ground outside at different levels, may not agree with modern notions of commodious domestic buildings. But they are characteristic of an ancient town, the position of which had doubtless been selected with a view to fortification and warlike defence in ages before the invention of artillery, when fighting citizens had to crowd together in the narrowest protected spaces, and to avail themselves of every step higher, and every coign of vantage, for plying their short-range missile weapons, or falling with sword and axe upon a foe who ventured up the winding alleys of the town.

These old towns and the sunny shore of what is now officially named "the Department of the Var" derive much interest from studies applied to the past. From Hyères, where the Riviera is held to commence eastward, as far as Nice, the sea-coast is nothing but Provençal, and there is scarcely any point that has not its marks or records of great and famous actions. Hannibal, Julius Caesar, many Roman commanders and governors, the Gauls, the Visigoths, the Saracens, the knightly Crusaders, the French, the allies of Spain and of the Hapsburg Empire, have passed the Rhone. The heights of the Estrelles have looked down, like the Pyramids of Egypt in Napoleon's proclamation, on so many centuries of momentous warfare. Napoleon himself, breaking from his dignified confinement in the Isle of Elba, landed on this shore in 1815, hastening to his "Reign of a Hundred Days," and to his final defeat at Waterloo.

At Fréjus, the ancient Forum Julii, the birthplace of Agricola, who brought Roman civilisation to North Britain, Roman monuments are most abundant, within an easy stroll of the new fashionable watering-place, St. Raphael, whose visitors may be content with other than antiquarian pleasures. Cannes was perhaps originally a Greek settlement, for its name, or that of the country inland, was *Ægina*; the Romans destroyed and rebuilt it as *Castrum Marcellinum*; the Saracens again destroyed it, and the Counts of Provence restored it as *Castrum Francum*. The Bay of Napoule must bear witness to a Greek Neapolis or Naples, on this coast. The Lérins isles, the Planaria of Pliny, are St. Marguerite and St. Honorat, but the fame of the latter, arising in the fifth Christian century, merits special mention. Antibes, as well as Nice, is the site of a Greek town—Antipolis, founded by Ionian emigrants from Phocæa, after their colony of Massilia, or Marseilles; and stones inscribed with Greek letters have been found here. Vallauris, which possesses heaps of Roman fragments, was the "*Vallis Aurea*" of Imperial times: some antiquaries think this was *Ægina*, and not Cannes. Along the sea to the outlet of the river Var, and inland from Cannes to Venice-Cagnes, and to Grasse itself, where the English royal visitors look down upon it all, there lie the scenes of ancient history, mingled with the abiding beauties of

nature, enriching the prospect to an educated mind and eye.

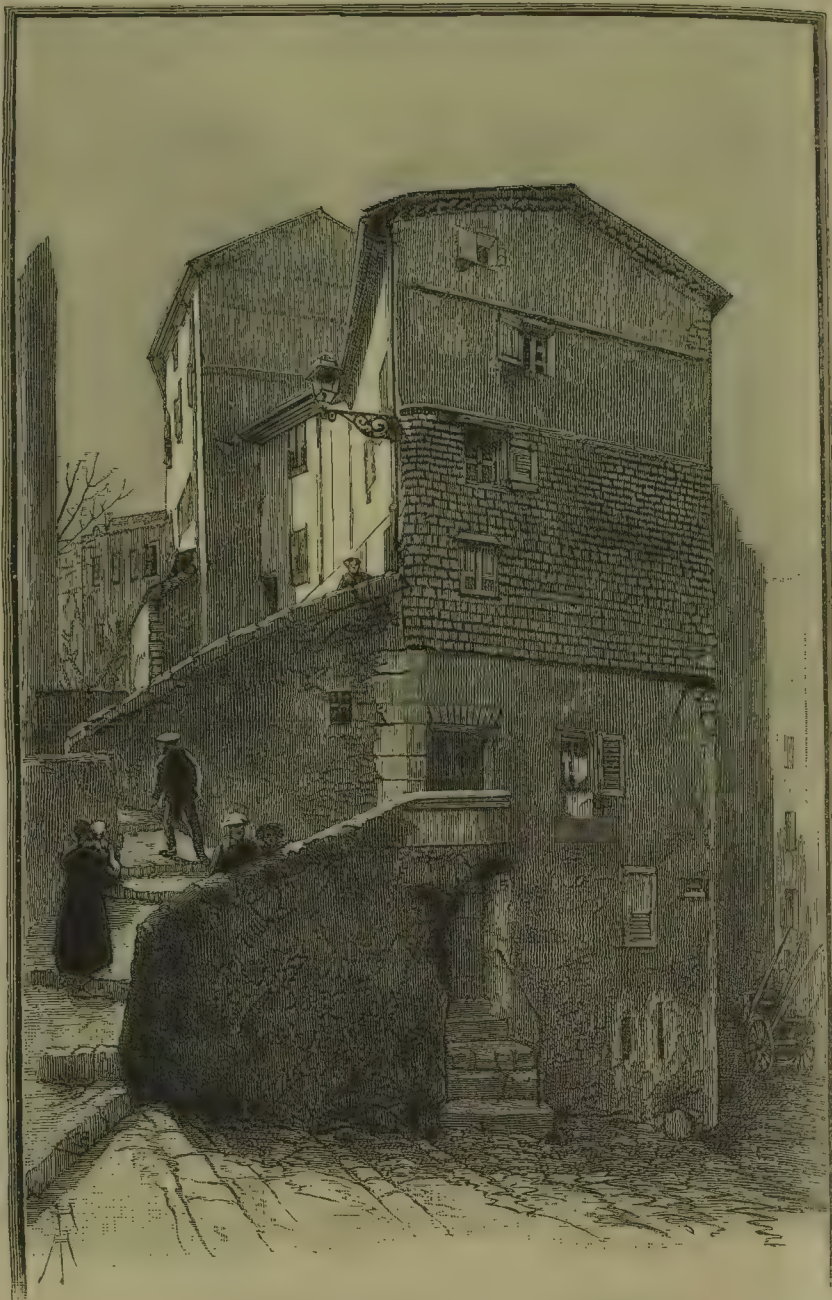
The great French nation of modern history, during three or four centuries past—for this consolidating process began with the Kings of the House of Valois, and was continued by the House of Bourbon—has almost effaced the memories of splendid distinct principalities by which its territory, on the whole the most fertile and desirable country of Europe, was formerly divided. We cannot forget Normandy and Brittany; nor can the descent of our Plantagenet kings from the Counts of Anjou and Maine, with their hereditary claims asserted by the Richards, Edwards, and Henrys, fail to remind us that the western provinces of what is now all France, including Gascony, had a separate political existence. Burgundy, from its German affinities, was long a most formidable rival of the French monarchy; and though, after the year 1137, when France annexed the Duchy of Aquitaine, this kingdom reached the Pyrenees, all the south-eastern parts of the ancient Roman Gaul remained under local sovereignties. Among these were Languedoc, with Toulouse for its capital, the land of the earliest ill-fated reformers of the Roman Catholic religion, the Albigenes; and Provence, a part of what was styled the kingdom of Arles, from that notable Roman city at the head of the Delta of the Rhone. The lords of Provence were at first the Catalonian or Arragonese family of Berenger, owing allegiance to the "Holy Roman Empire"; at a later period, this principality belonged to the Counts of Anjou. The County of Provence was annexed to the French kingdom in 1481. No portion of any country in Western Europe, scarcely any even of the Italian city republics, has a claim antecedent to that of Provence in the mediæval beginning of civilisation. It is not only that Latin culture, the arts, ideas, and manners of the demolished Empire, had there, beyond the range of Teutonic invasion, been preserved and cherished; the far more ancient influence of Greek colonisation, spreading along the coast from Marseilles, had quickened the mental life of a vigorous Southern race. The Provençal language, or dialect of Latin, assumed the forms of literary

art before the Italian; and its lyrical poetry, that of the Troubadours, if it has ceased to be classical, is still recognised as the oldest distinctly original contribution to the particular national literatures of Europe. The Court of Provence, in the thirteenth century, was the home of chivalry, the type of elegance, refinement, and politeness, a centre and source of intellectual light and of the graces of social life.

Extending from north-east, which marked the border of Dauphiny, a hundred and fifty miles south-west, and nearly a hundred miles to the north, approaching the Papal city of Avignon, the country of Provence, under Raymond Berenger and his successors, of the House of Barcelona, from A.D. 1112 to 1246, was

practically independent. Its people were mainly of the Visigoth race, closely related to the Catalans of north-eastern Spain, and speaking the same tongue. This was cultivated in the composition of lyrical poetry by the famous "Troubadours," who introduced the Arabian artifice of rhyme, not previously used in Europe, and invented almost every possible variety of rhythmic measures and stanzas, imitated long afterwards by Italian poets. Love-songs, pastoral idylls, and satires, but no great epic narrative work, constitute the Provençal literature, of which there is also nothing considerable in prose. It is characterised by a joyous youthful vivacity of spirit, and by strains of tuneful melody, worthy of "the Gay Science"; that term, however, "*El Gai Saber*," is wrongly applied to the poetry and minstrelsy of Provence. It properly signifies the fantastic code of social rules by which affairs of gallantry between ladies and gentlemen were adjudicated in the "Courts of Love." There was much frivolity and ridiculous affectation in that system; but its influence on the manners and sentiments of refined European society is manifest in all succeeding ages. The old Provençal language has sunk into a rustic *patois* slowly yielding to French; learned philologists have made grammars and glossaries, and have collected hundreds of specimens of its poetry. Some thirty years ago, an enthusiastic band of local patriots, among whom were at least three men of genuine talent, Mistral, Anbanel, and Roumanille, formed an association to revive its literary use. At Avignon, at Arles, at Hyères, and other towns, "Floral Games" were instituted, with recitals of new compositions, similar to the practice of the Welsh Eisteddfod. The works of Frédéric Mistral, his "*Calendau*," "*Nerto*," and "*Miréio*," romances in verse, have been highly commended by eminent Parisian critics. We have much pleasure in here noticing a recent English translation of "*Miréio*," by Harriet Waters Preston, with a preface, which is published in the "*Cameo Series*" (T. Fisher Unwin). It is a charming tale of the sturdy peasant folk in the district of La Crau, the rugged stony plain beyond Arles, on the east bank of the Rhone, beheld from the railway by travellers to Marseilles, who little imagine what remarkable scenes they are passing near—such as the wondrous rock-hewn town and castle of Les Baux, now almost deserted, and, on the other hand, the desolate Camargue, overrun by herds of wild bulls and white horses. *Miréio*, the lovely country girl, and Vincen, her manly and modest sweetheart, are interesting persons; their adventures are sufficiently romantic; while this translation, in pleasing English verse, makes us acquainted with the actual life of rural Provence in the last generation, and with all the scenery of the Bouches-du-Rhône.

But it is the Riviera of Eastern Provence, ending at the Var, from Hyères to Nice, that has unsurpassed attractions of scenery and climate for English visitors. The historical associations of this part are not less worthy of note. We have mentioned some. The Isle of St. Honorat, which her Majesty can see from Grasse with the adjacent Isle of St. Marguerite, parting the bay of Napoule, at Cannes from the Golfe de St. Jouan, claims especial regard. Here are the ruins of seven chapels, and of the monastery founded in the fifth century by Honoratus, a Belgian of noble birth, the Iona of the Mediterranean, during more than five hundred years a most important source of Christian influence, not merely in Gaul but in Spain, Western Germany, and the British Islands. St. Patrick was educated here. These monks founded the town of Grasse, on the site of a Ligurian village and of a Roman military station. The Isle of St. Marguerite contains the fortress in which the "Man in the Iron Mask" was imprisoned, and from which Marshal Bazaine escaped not long ago.



HOUSE BUILT AGAINST THE ROCK, GRASSE.



A BIT OF THE MARKET-PLACE, GRASSE.



Major-General Elles.



Colonel Sir B. Bromhead.

The enemy's position seen through a telescope.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: GENERAL ELLES AND STAFF GETTING FIRST SIGHT OF THE ENEMY AT SHRINGRI.  
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. C. CARTER, DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-ADJUTANT-GENERAL.



## LITERATURE.

DEAN CHURCH AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT.  
BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

How is it possible to deal with this volume\* from the reviewer's standpoint? The voice of a great teacher is hushed; but, just as we are lamenting that we shall hear it no more, it comes again to us as it were with a last message from the dead to give completeness to his life's work.

Dr. Church's other books may pass out of remembrance and be superseded: this book must needs live and continue a heritage to prize as long as there are any men of earnestness, learning, intelligence, and devout enthusiasm to be found among the clergy of the Church of England. Nay, as long as there remains among us any irrepressible yearning to trace the development of ethical or religious conviction through all the intricate paths of discussion from age to age—any interest in great controversies which have profoundly agitated the loftiest minds of their generation; any irresistible attraction in a style incomparably pure, severe, forceful, and tender; or any overpowering mastery exercised by a lofty mind, moving in an atmosphere of warmth and light, yet not without fire and flame, and maintaining consistently an almost sublime dignity, stern, it may be, but severely calm.

If the last of the accomplished Deans of St. Paul's had passed away from us without leaving us this precious legacy, we should never have known how great a man we had lost. Such notices of the book as have hitherto appeared have done it scant justice. Reviewers have dwelt upon the exquisite skill with which the portraits of the leading characters who appear upon the stage are delineated. They are, beyond a doubt, masterpieces of descriptive writing, perfect in style, faultless in taste, incomparably generous, sympathetic, and self-restrained; but they are mere *illustrations*: they do not by any means explain the purpose of the book, nor will they, except to a small extent, constitute its value and importance in the eyes of serious thinkers. Mr. J. A. Froude has tried his hand at an essay upon the early years of the Oxford movement, and his brilliant sketch of Cardinal Newman during his Oxford days can bear comparison with some of the Dean's best work in this line; but Mr. Froude's essay, as a whole, is pre-eminently shallow. Under the guidance of Dr. Church, we seem to be moving, like his own Dante, in a higher region of conflict, aspiration, and sublime endeavour, with a mysterious exalted personality holding us by the hand. As we read chapter after chapter of the astonishing volume, we are continually persuading ourselves that there can be nothing in the next that can compare with the last—nothing so splendid in literary achievements—so inspiring in its attitude of reverence and trust. We turn the page, and find ourselves led on to new wonder. We have stepped from one height to another, and the horizon which we are called upon to survey is wider than we had dreamt of. We are still moving upwards. As the book proceeds, Keble and Newman, and Isaac Williams and Dr. Pusey, and the rest of that wonderful band of devoted Reformers seem to lose their distinctness in the current of the great movement they stirred. Over that movement they gradually begin to lose their control. The flood rises, new affluents of thought and speculation increase its volume. Then it takes a new direction. It becomes doubtful where it will carry this one or that. Then comes opposition, bitter and senseless, and ignorant for the most part, and the governing body of the University of Oxford would fain stop the stream that is hardly moving as the members of that august body would like to see it trickle. Then comes persecution—the defeat of Isaac Williams by a gentleman called Garbett for the Professorship of Poetry—the paltry attempt of Dr. Hampden to prevent Mr. Macmillan from taking his B.D. degree—and, far more critical than these, the silencing of Dr. Pusey. Never since Wicliff's days was the bearing of an Oxford oligarchy more stupid, ignorant, undignified, or cowardly. Dr. Church's unimpassioned but righteous censure of the heads of the Hebdomadal board is terrible in its majestic severity. We have rarely or ever read a sentence of condemnation so stern, and yet so absolutely free from all suspicion of personal feeling. There is no tinge of animosity. It is as if the great Dean had no experience of the passion of hate, and knew nothing of the consuming fire of rancour.

But how could the sense of wrong—the consciousness of cruel injustice—help working its effects? Alas! it is a pitiable story. The questions at issue became more and more complicated. New disputants stepped into the arena. It was an evil day when Mr. W. G. Ward threw himself into the fray—a born gladiator, loving nothing so much as a conflict with foemen worthy of his steel. If he had been something more, how different the course of events might have been! And yet who shall say whether that catastrophe which came at last, and the analysis of which—for it is much more than a mere *narrative*—forms the subject of the last and, in some respects, the most brilliant and solemnising chapter of this wonderful volume, could possibly have been averted in the natural course of things? Be it as it may, here we have the whole case put before us in a masterly summing-up of the evidence by a profound and most subtle academic, whose sympathies may have been on this side or on that, but have never been allowed to give a bias to his decisions. Here we may read a great man's pronouncement upon a great cause, and, whatever else we may be tempted to think, one conclusion will be forced upon all who give this book a respectful attention, and that is, that it is the masterpiece of one of England's great ecclesiastics, and one of the most judicial intellects of his time.

## A GERMAN NOVELIST.

*The Freitag Reminiscences* (Gustav Freitag's). Translated by Katharine Chetwynd. Two vols. (F. V. White and Co.).—Among contemporary German authors Freitag is recommended to the practical English mind by his firm grasp of actuality in details, and by the probability that rules his construction of a plot. "Soll und Haben," the novel translated for us as "Debit and Credit," gained ready acceptance in this country some thirty years ago. Commercial and financial vicissitudes of modern social life afford a subject for popular fiction more generally interesting than that of "The Lost Manuscript," in which an enthusiastic classical scholar was supposed to get hold of a portion of Tacitus undiscovered for ages past. But Freitag had proved his literary power in work of different kinds—as a poet of some originality, a dramatist for the stage, a critical and political journalist. His later productions, illustrating the domestic history of the German nation, from the

Middle Ages, the Reformation era, through the Thirty Years' War, and to the rise of the Prussian monarchy, are still more valuable. As a patriotic citizen, enjoying the personal regard of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and of the Crown Prince who became the late Emperor Frederick, his views of the momentous transactions by which Germany has been transformed are likely to be sound and just. In short, we may look on Freitag as a fair representative of the emerging practical tendency of modern German literature from that devotion to purely academic and philosophical or æsthetic idealism which absorbed its highest genius in the early part of this century. His autobiography derives much interest from such considerations, besides presenting vivid little pictures of old-fashioned home life in a provincial community, at the small towns of Kreuzburg, Konstadt, and Pitschen, in Silesia, and in the city of Breslau, where he studied at the University, and made desirable acquaintance. From 1847, when he removed to Dresden and entered the larger circle of German literary and social activity, soon becoming one of the editors of the *Grenzboten* at Leipzig, his narrative is greatly mixed up with changes in public affairs. It also gives an account of his dealings with the theatres and with publishers of books, explaining the reasons for experiments in the designs of plays and novels, which had more or less favourable reception. All this may be worthy of the attention of readers whose predilection for German does not end with the renowned classics of that language, Goethe and Schiller, or even with Heine's lyrics and satires, or with the graceful fancies of the Romantic school. Gustav Freitag, born in 1816 and yet living, may produce little more, but has certainly earned a share of abiding esteem.

## ON AN OSTRICH FARM.

*Home Life on an Ostrich Farm.* By Annie Martin. (G. Philip and Son.).—South African experiences of wagon travelling, and of the hunting of big wild beasts, of Kafir and Zulu warfare, of disputes with the Boers, and other affairs of the past, have been sufficiently related. In due time, no doubt, we shall have books relating the adventures of the first settlers in Matabele-land and Mashona-land, in the far interior; while those who have resided, in quest of fortune, at the diamond-fields or the gold-fields will find leisure to write their personal impressions. It is within the limits of the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, a day's journey, mostly by railway, from the commercial town of Port Elizabeth, that Mrs. Martin, with her husband, dwelt seven years on a large ostrich farm. This was an estate of twelve thousand acres called Swaylands, situated in the Zwart Ruggens district of the Karroo, a dry upland plain of little fertility, with a deficient water supply, but a healthy invigorating air. Ostriches and ostrich feathers at that time were more valuable than they are now, and capital was more readily invested in purchasing or rearing, in keeping and plucking, numerous flocks of those else unattractive birds. The ostrich is a stupid, awkward, troublesome creature, often vicious in temper; but this lady has a great deal that is pleasant to tell and to read of various other animals in her private zoological collection of domestic pets. The place of honour belongs, of course, to a noble British collie dog which was the trusty superintendent of the populous farmyard. Bobby, the tame crow, Jacob, the secretary-bird, two funny little meerkats, a hare, a small pretty antelope of the "Klipspringer" kind, a handsome broken-winged falcon, a porcupine, and two young bastards are portrayed with especial minuteness. By their individual characters, habits, and manners the rather lonely home of Mr. and Mrs. Martin was constantly enlivened. Ordinary poultry was naturally regarded as provision for household needs, not as amusing social company; and we are told that horses in South Africa show no particular attachment to the kindest masters. As for the ostrich, he seems as incapable of feeling as of inspiring affection. Perhaps he considers himself wronged by the yearly deprivation of his beautiful feathers. But we are glad to learn that this operation is not so cruel as might be imagined. The large wing-feathers are cut off with shears, and the stumps of the quills, afterwards becoming soft and loose, can be pulled out, usually by a Kafir servant with his teeth, in a way not very painful. A herd of Angora goats kept on the farm compensated by their beauty for the ugliness of its principal live stock, which one would not, as a mere matter of taste, prefer to sheep or cattle.

## A SOLITARY PEDESTRIAN.

*Wayfaring in France.* By Edward Harrison Barker. (R. Bentley and Son.).—While everybody visits Paris, travelling by the comparatively monotonous route from Calais or Boulogne, few tourists seem to care for the most interesting parts of that fair country, which presents, in its western, central, and southern provinces, some of the most varied and delightful scenes in all Europe. Mr. Barker, as a solitary pedestrian, has rambled at leisure in Lower Brittany, in the Landes south of Arcachon, in Alsace, in Dauphiny, and in Languedoc, finding ample subject for description; and this pleasant volume, adorned with fifty good views of places and figures of people, tempts one to follow in his "wayfaring" steps. It is to get away from the railways and the cities, to loiter in quiet little old-fashioned towns and rural villages, to walk day after day, either along the sea-beaten cliffs of the coast from Douarnenez to Quiberon; or skirting the immense pine-forests around those remarkable "étangs," or small lakes, apparently somewhat like our Norfolk Broads, of Cazau, Biscarosse, and other names, which lie not far inland of the Bay of Biscay to near Bayonne; or, in the subalpine region of south-eastern France, to climb the mountain road from Les Echelles to the Grande Chartreuse monastery, and to descend into the beautiful valley of the Isère at Grenoble, thence exploring the gorges of the Romanche, reaching the frontier fortress of Briançon and the Pass of Mont Genève; or, in the wide delta of the marine outlets of the Rhone, below Nîmes and Arles, having beheld the wondrous monuments of Roman power, to inspect such curious relics of antiquity as St. Gilles and Aiguesmortes, and view the grand desolation of the Camargue, a strange mixture of trackless pasture-lands with labyrinthine strips of water. The diversity of scenery in France, if the tourist will look for it, would suffice for the summer holidays of a lifetime; and the store of historical, romantic, and legendary associations, frequently attested by local monuments or memories, is inexhaustible, while in no country is the foreign visitor so cheerfully welcomed by the rural folk. Mr. Barker has evidently a liking for the French, as those Englishmen usually feel towards them who frankly seek acquaintance with the inhabitants of provincial districts. He made excursions also in the Vosges, after visiting the Alsatian battlefields of 1870; he describes part of the forest-covered mountain slopes on the German side of the present frontier, with the quaint little towns of Münster, Kaisersberg, Riquevihar, and Rappoltswiler, the ruined feudal castle of Hohnach, and the venerable shrine of St. Odile. We earnestly hope that Alsace, or Elsass, as we should now say, will never again be disturbed by war.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Perhaps the first indication of Sir Edwin Arnold's literary bent is to be found in the columns of the *Press* towards the close of 1860. He then commenced "The Book of Good Counsels," an interesting abridged translation of Pilpay's "Fables." In the same journal some of his earliest fugitive poems appeared.

None of the many notices of Mrs. Carlyle, which we have seen contain any reference to a little volume of poems published thirty years ago with the title "Poems by M. S.," which is dedicated to the sage's wife with warm and evidently genuine expressions of gratitude. The verses are graceful and religious, though somewhat tame, and our impression is that the writer was the late Miss Menella Bute Smedley.

Just now it seems to be raining catalogues of second-hand books. The bookseller, perchance, knows that spring is, or soon should be, upon us; and then even bookish people will up and quit their books, and babble of green fields. However that may be, within the last few days we have received an unusually large number of these catalogues. The only safe thing for a poor man is to leave them unread. If he but look, he is lost. What tempting books!—the editions, the rare chance of completing a set, or of replacing a book which is lost or (much the same thing) lent to a book-keeping friend—these, or "any other reason why," as Dean Aldrich says of drinking, will serve. So we are seduced into purchases; and if, like Mrs. Gilpin, our wives have frugal minds, or if, like Trollope's Archdeacon, we wish to buy bad, mad books, we look them up. Some of these catalogue items are very odd. One, a grand French folio on bookbinding, "half green morocco extra," is marked in large print as "sold." Surely this is a refinement of cruelty. Has this bookseller no bowels? Others are like the "fourpenny box"—heaped together "all at" so much; and these we are told are "fit for top or bottom shelves of the library." We should think they were fitter for the fireplace. But all items alike have a sad moral for the bibliomaniac, and give him pause indeed. *His* books, too, must come to the base use of a "catalogue of the library of a gentleman deceased."

We are glad to be informed that Mr. William Carew Hazlitt is on the point of completing that fuller and more comprehensive life of his grandfather, William Hazlitt the essayist, for which we begged in our last issue.

Those prodigiously dull, even if authentic, memoirs of Talleyrand have brought in their train a quantity of really interesting Talleyrandiana, not the least curious being some extracts of the great diplomat's letters to the Duchesse de Courlande, the mother of his nephew's wife. With this lady Talleyrand corresponded for some years, and the epistles before us may, in time, become models for platonic love-letters. How much, how little, did the ex-bishop of sixty mean; when he addressed his fair middle-aged friend as "Mon ange, je vous aime de toute mon âme, à vous pour la vie!" Be that as it may, they show us a Talleyrand hitherto unrevealed, and therefore interesting. The manner in which this curious packet has become public property is in itself  *toute une histoire*. Sold by the De Courlande family in 1851 to Charavey, the great autograph-dealer and expert, they soon became the property, for a fantastic price, of a noted Belgian collector, the Baron de Stassart, and passed on his death into the Belgian archives, where they lay undiscovered till within the last year, when a French attaché, seeking other documents, came across the bundle, made copies, and has finally published extracts of the letters as an addition to the fast-accumulating literature of Talleyrand *intime*.

If Nohant were not to remain in the possession of the Dudevant family, this house of many memories ought surely to belong ultimately to the French nation. Too few memorials remain of that—

Great-souled woman and large-hearted man  
Self-styled George Sand—

and it was in this quaint provincial farm-château that the great writer spent the happiest days of her long working life, and where she died some fifteen years ago—"Non pas comme elle avait vécu, mais en grandmère"—with her eyes fixed on the younger Aurora, Maurice Sand's little daughter, and her namesake. What tales could the walls of Nohant tell and repeat! All George Sand's literary contemporaries were there hospitably entertained and made welcome, everything going on much as in an English country house. The hostess did all her work before déjeuner, sitting at a plain business-like writing-table, and with a broad-nibbed goose-quill. Private theatricals went on, as is their wont once allowed to cross the threshold of a house, morning, noon, and night, for Maurice, and after him his children, had great dramatic faculty. Théophile Gautier was a constant guest, and the only friend consulted by the authoress when engaged in writing "L'Histoire de ma Vie." It was owing to his advice that much was omitted. George Sand, frank to a fault, would have rehearsed everything, told everything, explained everything. But in later years the châtelaine of Nohant tried to set a seal on her lips as regarded the past. The name of Alfred de Musset never crossed her lips, and she preferred that his charming comedies should be conspicuous only by their absence from the Nohant repertoire.

Madame Sand never forgot that she was descended from Augustus II., King of Poland, and Aurora von Königsmark, for whose son, her great-grandfather, Marshal Saxe, she had a veritable *culte*, and after whom she named her son Maurice. Of the latter it was said with truth that had he been anyone else he might have become either a great writer or painter, but his mother's personality overshadowed him, and he remained to the end *le fils de George Sand*. No portrait ever did justice to the authoress of "La Mare au Diable"; but Aimé Millet's white marble statue, now in the market-place of La Châtre, caught admirably George Sand's characteristic attitude and expression. Less happy is the figure now in the *foyer* of the Comédie Française, done by her daughter's husband, the well-known sculptor, M. Clésinger.

*New Books and New Editions.*—"De Quincey Memorials: some Letters and other Records," edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alexander A. Japp, 2 vols. (William Heinemann); "Cricket," by W. G. Grace (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol); "Men and Women of the Time," 1891, edited by G. Washington Moon, *thirteenth edition* (G. Routledge and Son); "A Few Impressions from the Poems of Robert Browning," by Emily Atkinson (Kegan Paul and Co.); "Save Me from My Friends," by E. F. Knight (Longmans); "Vathek" and "European Travels," by William Beckford, *Minerva Library* (Ward and Lock); "The Broad Church; or, What is Coming," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis (Sampson Low and Co.)

\* *The Oxford Movement: Twelve Years, 1833-1845.* By R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L., sometime Dean of St. Paul's, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 8vo. London: Macmillan and Co., 1891.



FRAGMENTS OF THE ILIAD IN ENGLISH  
HEXAMETER VERSE.

BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

ILIAD, B. XI. V. 148.

AGAMEMNON IN THE FIGHT.

These, then, he left, and away where ranks were, now clashing  
the thickest,  
Onward rushed, and with him rushed all of the bright-greaved  
Achaïans.  
Foot then footmen slew, that were flying from direful com-  
pulsion,  
Horse at the horsemen (up from off under them volumed the  
dust-cloud,  
Up off the plain, raised up cloud-thick by the thundering  
horse-hooves)  
Hewed with the sword's sharp edge; and so meanwhile  
Lord Agamemnon  
Followed, chasing and slaughtering aye, on-urging the  
Argives.  
Now, as when fire voracious catches the unclipped woodland,  
This way bears it and that the great whirl of the wind, and  
the scrubwood  
Stretches niptorn, flung forward alength by the fire's fury  
raging,  
So beneath Atreides Agamemnon heads of the scattered  
Trojans fell; and in numbers amany the horses, neck-  
stiffened,  
Rattled their vacant cars down the roadway gaps of the war-  
field,  
Missing the blameless charioteers, but, for these, they were  
outstretched  
Flat upon earth, far dearer to vultures than to their home-  
mates.

ILIAD, B. XI. V. 378.

PARIS AND DIOMEDES.

So he, with a clear shout of laughter,  
Forth of his ambush leapt, and he vaunted him, uttering  
thiswise:  
"Hit thou art! not in vain flew the shaft; how by rights it  
had pierced thee  
Into the undermost gut, therewith to have rived thee of life-  
breath!  
Following that had the Trojans plucked a new breath from  
their direst,  
They all frightened of thee, as the goats bleat in flight from a  
lion."  
Then unto him untroubled made answer stout Diomedes:  
"Bow-puller, jiber, thy bow for thy glorying, spyer at virgins!  
If that thou dared'st face me here out in the open with  
weapons,  
Nothing then would avail thee thy bow and thy thick shot of  
arrows.  
Now thou plumest thee vainly because of a graze of my  
footsole.  
Reck I as were that stroke from a woman or some pettish  
infant.  
Aye flies blunted the dart of the man that's emasculate,  
nought-worth!  
Otherwise hits, forth flying from me, and but strikes it the  
slightest,  
My keen shaft, and it numbers a man of the dead fallen  
straightway.  
Torn, troth, then are the cheeks of the wife of that man fallen  
slaughtered.  
Orphans his babes, full surely he reddens the earth with his  
blood-drops,  
Rotting, round him the birds, more numerous they than the  
women."

ILIAD, B. XIV. V. 283.

HYPNOS WITH HERE ON IDA.

They then to fountain-abundant Ida, mother of wild beasts,  
Came, and they first left ocean to fare over mainland at Lektos,  
Where underneath of their feet waved loftiest growths of the  
woodland.  
There hung Hypnos fast, ere the vision of Zeus was observant,  
Mounted upon a tall pine-tree, tallest of pines that on Ida  
Lustily spring off soil for the shoot up aloft into aether.  
There did he sit well-cloaked by the wide-branched pine for  
concealment,  
That loud bird, in his form like, that perched high up in the  
mountains,  
Chalkis is named by the Gods, but of mortals known as  
Kymindis.

ILIAD, B. XIV. V. 394.

CLASH IN ARMS OF THE ACHAÏANS AND TROJANS.

Not the sea-wave so bellows abroad when it bursts upon  
shingle,  
Whipped from the sea's depths up by the terrible blast of the  
Northwind;  
Nay, nor is ever the roar of the fierce fire's rush so arousing,  
Down along mountain-glades, when it surges to kindle a  
woodland;  
Nay, nor so tonant thunders the stress of the gale in the oak-  
trees'  
Foliage-fresses high, when it rages to raving its utmost;  
As rose then stupendous the Trojans' cry and Achaïans',  
Dread upshouting as one when together they clashed in the  
conflict.

ILIAD, B. XVII. V. 426.

THE HORSES OF ACHILLES.

So now the horses of Aiakides, off wide of the war-ground,  
Wept, since first they were ware of their charioteer overthrown  
there,  
Cast down low in the whirl of the dust under man-slaying  
Hector.

Sooth, meanwhile, then did Automedon, the brave son of  
Diores,  
Oft, on the one hand, urge them with flicks of the swift  
whip, and oft, too,  
Coax entreatingly, hurriedly; while he angrily threaten.  
Vainly, for these would not to the ships, to the Hellespont  
spacious.  
Backward turn, nor be whipped to the battle among the  
Achaïans.  
Nay, as a pillar remains immovable, fixed on the tombstone,  
Haply, of some dead man or it may be a woman thereunder;  
Even like hard stood they there attached to the glorious war-  
car,  
Earthward bowed with their heads; and of them so lamenting  
incessant  
Ran the hot teardrops downward on to the earth from their  
eyelids,  
Mourning their charioteer; all their lustrous manes dusty-  
clotted,  
Right side and left of the yoke-ring tossed, to the breadth of  
the yoke-bow.

Now when the issue of Kronos beheld that sorrow, his  
head shook  
Pitying them for their grief, these words then he spake in his  
bosom;  
"Why, ye hapless, gave ye to Peleus you, to a mortal  
Master; ye that are ageless both, ye both of you deathless!  
Was it that ye among men most wretched should come to have  
heart-grief?  
'Tis most true, than the race of these men is there wretcheder  
nowhere  
Aught over earth's range found that is gifted with breath and  
has movement."



THE APOTHEOSIS OF HOMER.  
FROM A TABLET IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

In the upper part of the scene are Jupiter, Apollo, and the nine Muses on a hill, in which is a cave.

In the lowest line of the relief, Homer is enthroned between kneeling figures of the Iliad and Odyssey; behind him, with a wreath, are Time and the World; before him History makes an offering at an altar, assisted by Myth, Poetry, Tragedy, Comedy, who make gestures of adoration. Nature, Virtue, Memory, Faith, Wisdom, stand in a group on the right. These figures can all be identified by the inscriptions. The relief is inscribed with the name of the sculptor, Archelaos of Priene.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* claims to have discovered an interesting memorandum by Carlyle upon a trip which he took to Paris in 1851. Now, although the first edition of Mr. Froude's biography of Carlyle was sold off at a reduced price, and a multitude of unauthorised Carlyliana had scarcely any sale at all, it may be allowed that a hitherto unpublished manuscript by the Chelsea sage is an interesting "find"—if it be genuine, as we are tempted to believe. Carlyle undertook this journey to Paris in company with Robert Browning, his wife, and child. Prose is supposed to be much more matter-of-fact than poetry, but it seems to have been the poet in this case who looked after the luggage and generally managed affairs. "Browning," says Carlyle, "did everything; I sat out of doors on some logs at my ease and smoked, looking at the population and their ways; and at the station again Browning fought for us, and we, that is the woman, the child, and I, had only to wait and be silent." In Paris Carlyle met many famous men, and he sums them up in the same merciless way—so remote from hero-worship—in which he summed up nearly all his contemporaries. "Thiers is a little brisk man, towards sixty, with a round white head, close-cropped, and of solid business form and size; round, fat body, tapering like a ninepin into small fat feet and ditto hands; the eyes hazel and of quick, comfortable, kindly aspect; small Roman nose; placidly sharp fat face, puckered eyeward (as if all gravitating towards the eyes); voice of thin treble, peculiarly musical; gives you the notion of a frank, sociable kind of creature." Then there is an amusing account of a conversation with Prosper Mérimée, in which that worthy exasperated Carlyle by abusing the Germans and German literature. "Jean Paul, a hollow fool of the first magnitude; Goethe, the best, but insignificant, unintelligible, a paltry kind of Scribe." "I could stand no more of it," says the Goethe-worshipping Scotsman, "but lighted a cigar and adjourned to the street. 'You impertinent, blasphemous blockhead'—this was sticking in my throat."

## A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

BY ANDREW LANG.

There must be something in the idea of a school of fiction. Mr. Payn proposed something of the sort years ago, and, in the *New Review*, Mr. Besant speaks as if something of the sort were feasible. Fiction is an art: other arts are taught, so why not fiction? Schools of art raise the general level of music and painting, and the general level of fiction might be raised also. Mr. Besant anticipates the scoffs of the writers of leading articles and of the pert paragraphist, because they seem to think that novel-writing comes by nature. We might say that criticism is the school for novel-writers, but he says no. From reviewers the young artist in fiction receives no encouragement and no teaching. The reviewer only says that he likes a novel or that he does not like it. "This is all he says." I really cannot agree with Mr. Besant. Heaven has not made me a novelist unluckily for me, but I have dabbled in the art, and been reviewed like another. The critics did not seem to me to act as Mr. Besant says they do: they did not merely say that they liked the stuff, or that they did not like it (which they generally did not), they gave their reasons.

This or that was rightly done, this or that wrongly; there was no artistic conviction, there was no grouping, there was a remarkable dearth of incident, the characters were ill-drawn and worse-coloured, the style was offensive, and so on. These were all examples of criticism, as far as I understand it; they were all educational; they, like the boy in the story, "burned one to be a toad." What more can novelists expect or desire from their critics? Encouragement they do get in abundance. I believe nobody is more generously encouraged than a novelist by his critic, when the critic is pleased. And he tells the author and the public why he is pleased, now by the vivacity and reality of a tale, now by the humour of the characters, now by the structure of the plot. He is also discouraged when he is informed that he cannot draw, or manage his grouping, or construct a story, or write a common French quotation correctly. The mature novelist may not be encouraged or instructed by reviews, because he knows all about it already. But if the young artist finds nobody to instruct or encourage him (if he is worth the trouble), he is very unlucky.

Of course there are reviewers and reviewers. Some administer ten lines of snub, ten douches of cold water, to ten new novels, and then their task is ended. This is the weekly allowance of encouragement and instruction which some journals dole out; but then it is merely pretty Fanny's way, not an amusing or agreeable, rather a pretty feline and feminine way. Other critics tell the story of the book before them in a brief, contemptuous style, and no book was ever written which cannot be treated in that manner. There is not much use, or diversion even, in that kind of reviewing, but one daily and weekly sees novels criticised with taste and judgment, as if the critic had given his mind to the subject. The reviews of novels in the *Spectator*, for example, are commonly fair, judicious, and not contemptuous, and there are plenty of other instances. Mr. Besant suggests that authors might, and should, "prohibit the presentation of their books for review to papers whose criticisms are inadequate, ignorant, or unjust." Alas! there is no salvation in that plan. The reviewer would merely have a box of novels by those authors from Mr. Mudie's, and, I fear, he would not be more adequate, learned, and unjust than of yore. He would arise and smite them. I cannot agree with Mr. Besant that reviewers are so worthless. If one wrote a novel, and the *Times* said it was excellent, one would be enormously encouraged; or, if any adequate judge pointed out faults, one would see them and try to mend them, but I fancy that every author of sense sees his own faults as clearly as his critics do. He sees them, but he hopes that the public will be more kind and blind, so he chances it. He knows them, but they are ingrained, and he is too lazy to correct them. I dare say that Mr. Norris knows the faults of his "Marcia." He knows that you are led to expect that the heroine will improve and become interesting, whereas she sinks deeper and deeper, and becomes a tedious old lady. The author is probably aware that a story should have unity. If the "Thebaid" had begun with the generation of Tydeus, and jogged along with that of Tydides, it would have lacked unity, and would have been a very second-rate epic. What is true of an epic is true of a novel, and in "Marcia" we have to flog up our jaded attention into taking an interest in Marcia's son, and his love-affairs, in the Epigoni—in short, all this must be as conspicuous to the author as to the reader, and he too may think it a mistake to call Marcia Sylvia on one occasion. Suppose that Homer had casually called Helen Iphianassa in one book! The interpolator's hand would have been detected. Another novelist makes his hero and heroine meet at a country house. He goes to the Soudan, is made prisoner, returns, and she is still prolonging her visit, though her hosts are only casual acquaintances. The reviewer can and does point out these blemishes; but to what purpose? The author knows them, but he risks them. Would a school of fiction, with masters and professors, be more successful? I think I hear him giving out his theme. A. is the son of a country solicitor, Lady B. is the daughter of the local duke. Bring them together, make them fall in love; the problem is—how are they to marry? Bulls, sprained ankles, tramps, runaway horses are barred. I think it is a delightful subject, and would advise that it be treated in the analytical manner. Then the master corrects the compositions. "Miss C., pray notice that duchesses do not wear diamonds in their hair at breakfast. Mr. D., the scene with the fire-escape is neither original nor in the best taste. Mrs. E., your manner is prolix: your scene between the guardsman and the solicitor's governess is excellent, but you have led up to it badly. Miss F., your knowledge of criminal law, in your murder scene, is confused and inadequate. It is not enough for Gwendolen to confess the murder, that she may shield the butler, to whom she is secretly married. The judge could not at once put on the black cap without further inquiry. Mrs. K., to devote your six first chapters to analysis of Marian's emotions on spilling the tea is to abuse your great natural gift of psychological dissection. Cut these six chapters down to one. We shall now, ladies and gentlemen, examine the structure of 'Peveril of the Peak' as a lesson in almost everything that one should avoid"—as, I am sorry to say, it is.

Would the pupils be really much more accomplished artists after a course at a School of Fiction? There are so many things to remember, as at golf, that they could not keep them all in their minds at once. "Nearer the ba! Dinna grip with your right! Swing slow! Keep your eyes on the ba! Get down till it!" All this makes one self-conscious, and a writer who is self-conscious may make himself as miserable as Flaubert. I do believe it mostly comes by nature. I know, by this time, a good deal about the Art of Fiction, by eternally reading novels. But, as to writing one, any young lady of nineteen, on the *Family Herald*, could give me a stroke in the hole. Some people are observant, imaginative, sympathetic, and have the gift of story-telling. The critics give them lessons, which they had, perhaps, better not read. Other people have not the qualities, and, by much teaching, might produce novels flawless, indeed, but perfectly unreadable. However, these are only the views of a reviewer.





1. "The Question is 'That I do now leave the Chair.'" 2, 3. Pourparlers. 4. The House goes into Committee. 5, 6. Union and Discord. 7, 8. Saint and Sinner. 9. The Dinner Hour. 10. After Dinner. 11, 12. Irrepressibles. 13. Right Hon. A. J. Balfour. 14. Right Hon. John Morley.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL: SKETCHES IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



## THE YOUNG BUTCHER.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

Amid a scene of stupendous magnificence—the *salon* of one of the grand caravanserais which lend so huge a charm to the purlieus of Charing Cross—I listened in lazy sympathy to the other evening to a lady who told a story of some beautiful innocent animals killed to make toys for children. As her wonder and distress became more evident, another scene, which otherwise might never have recurred to my mind, perhaps, came into view again.

It was on a Sunday morning, in a picturesque little old town not far from London, but yet with the ancient village houses standing about the broad irregular space that was once a green. There was hardly one in sight that had been built in this so-called nineteenth century. Here, on one side, a noble great red house or two parted into shops; on the other, an in-and-out row of up-and-down dwellings—some high, some low, some of wood, some of brick, gabled all sorts of ways, and delightful to behold in the peace and light of a golden Sunday morning. The people were coming out of their doors in the prim attire of churchgoing folk, or, with their books in their hands and white handkerchiefs neighbouring the books, were passing in little family groups along the pathways—softly, as if they were already in the church aisle. The gentle sunshine I have already told you of; but not that it seemed to add to the silence of the street, as also did the two larks in their two cages above the shoemaker's shop, into which you descended by a step when you wished for "repairs with neatness and dispatch." In an interval of the trilling and thrilling a new sound arose from an unexpected quarter.

There was a shuffling of feet in the gravelled space where the green had been, and an appearance of two forlorn sheep, corresponding in age with the little maid of thirteen who walked with her grandmother on the side-path hard by. Behind the sheep came a butcher—far too youthful for the trade. A bright, bold, cheery boy he was, with two or three years to go before he could land on the plateau of the twenties; and he with his butcher's apron on; and as the sheep scrambled this way and that, to make the way to the shambles as long as possible (this no doubt was the idea), the youth good-naturedly followed them. Now and then he slapped his apron in an urgent, alarming manner, but even while he did so he hardly ceased from singing in youth's careless way. And what do you think he was singing, as he drove the two little beasts to his slaughter-house? A hymn: a joyous hymn, to be sure, with triumphal anticipations of Jordan's shore in the words and a rollicking note in the music. Now what had I heard at mine inn the evening before? I had heard of such an extraordinary run upon the butchers' shops for legs and loins and outlets that no more were to be had. There was to be killing, even on the Sunday; and the good churchgoing people who turned their heads to watch the little sheep driven through the town, and heard their piteous baying and that nice boy's cheery Salvationist song, knew perfectly well that there would be a cutting of two innocent throats out of the three before the benediction. That was the business on hand in the sweet sunny calm of this Sabbath morning; and yet it is pretty certain that not a soul of the church-going throng thought twice of the circumstance, or contrasted the song of the driver with the cries of the driven. With a little more scattering and scrambling, a rather more violent thumping of the blue apron, the sheep and the butcher disappeared beneath a covered alley opening from the street, and the rest of us continued our way to the sacred edifice.

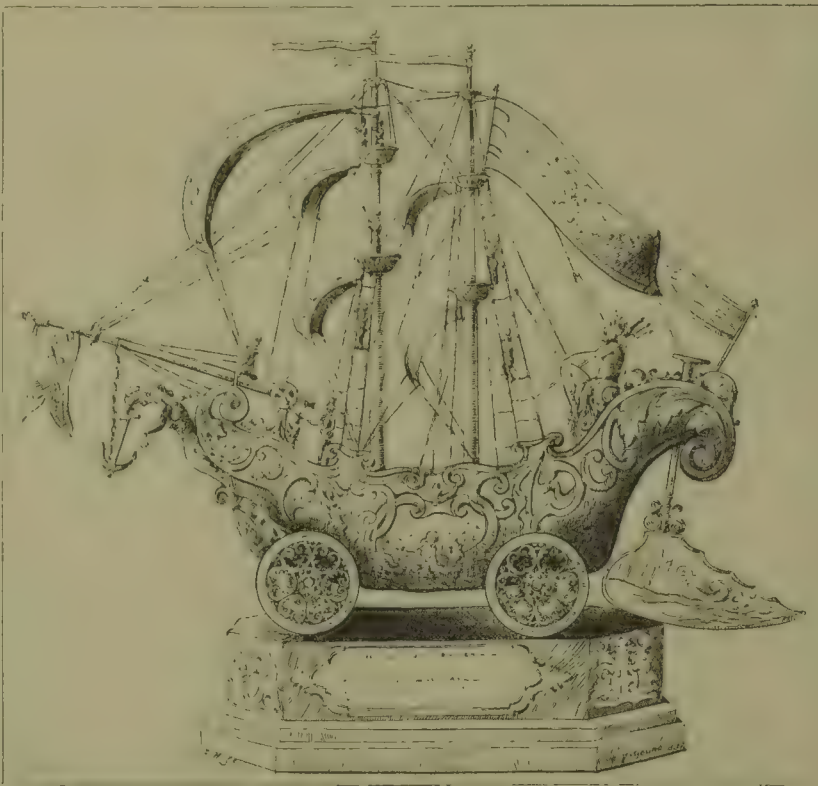
If we were to suggest that the production of cutlets, legs, and loins should be limited to the working days of the week, or that there should be no slaughter-house execution on sunny Sabbath days, it could be shown that nothing short of an illogical sentimentalism would propose anything of the kind. And so to cry upon the young butcher would be extremely inconsiderate; and yet, if he had dropped his hymning, driven his sheep back to the common whence he had brought them, and gone to tell his master that he might fetch them himself if he pleased, we should all have liked the boy and the story better, so contrarily is human nature constituted in a state of civilisation. But moralising need not go further than to mark this as another illustration of how much our thoughts are checked, and how much our deepest and most natural sentiments may be controlled, by mere habit. Two old horses driven through the town to be shot, two old dogs on their way to be poisoned, would have excited boundless compassion; and the more because of the day and its solemn quiet. To be sure, that is natural, because of the friendship and service of horses and dogs, and the belief in them as more sentient beings than most four-footed things. But in that case that would be a putting "out of misery"; in the other, there is a putting to death of sentient creatures too, only that we may feed upon them; and but for the deadening influence of habit the intrusion of that thought at such a time and in such a scene as I have described would have been nearly intolerable. In some measure, the same distress that is mentioned at the beginning of this screed would have overtaken the churchgoers of — Town, none of whom would willingly have eaten mutton for three days afterwards. As it is, what will not happen? The villager, sitting contemplative on Sunday afternoons on his styefencing, will fondly quarter out the dearest object of his affections after wife and child—the pig that he has nursed in his very bosom, so to speak, from its infancy. Would it be much worse (save for habit) were the well-scrubbed, well-fattened one a captive from a distant and a hostile tribe? The sweetest of "landladies," a most pensive and kindly woman, went to the room of her lodger in a Cumberland farmhouse (it was at breakfast time) holding a couple of live ducks by the neck in one hand; and, prodding the breast of each with the fingers of the other hand for his observation and guidance, asked which of the two birds he would have for dinner. Now, she had reared both from the egg upward. But, to return to our muttons, what more horrible spectacle is there than the butcher's shop that opens upon every thoroughfare in England? It is easy to conceive of a visitor from some land where no such barbarism is seen, fainting at the sight; and yet, so much will custom do for this, the most delicate and sympathetic of Englishwomen, young and old, will look upon the ghastly spectacle without a qualm. Perhaps we should think of these things when we read of the habits and customs of savage nations—habits and customs that are odious only because they do not happen to be our own; or, though truly hateful in themselves, they lose their reproach through the deadness induced by use and wont.

## NEW MUSIC.

From G. Ricordi and Co.—First of all let us look at four Italian songs by Tosti, which are one and all so pretty that it is difficult to say which is best. "Io mi domando" and "Pianto di monaco" are both beautiful, dreamy melodies; "Non senti tu" has a graceful accompaniment and a lovely air; while "Un bacio" is bright and dainty. "Tessouviens-tu!" is an attractive song in waltz-time, and "Les filles de Cadix" a characteristic and quaint little *chanson*. These songs are all in three keys.—"Nirvana," the first of "Due Canzoni" by Arthur Hervey, a somewhat plaintive song. The second, "In riva al Mare," is very sweet and melodious. Both are published in two keys.

From Novello, Ewer, and Co.—The solo music in Mendelssohn's "Elijah," edited, with marks of expression and phrasing, by Alberto Randegger. There are four books, one for each voice. Perhaps the most useful feature of this particular edition lies in the marks for breathing, Mr. Randegger being here an authority whose advice students may safely follow.—"Album of Songs," by James Hook. This book contains in all twenty compositions, and is published for the remarkably reasonable sum of eighteenpence.—Seven Marches for piano-forte duet, by Mendelssohn, arranged by Julius Rietz. A most useful and interesting series, containing, among others, the familiar "Wedding March," the "War March" from "Athalia," the "Pilgrims' March," and two "Funeral Marches."—"Loving yet Lost," a song by Frank Peskett. Attractive music, set to words by Edward Oxenford.

From Boosey and Co.—"Thoughts and Tears," by Hope Temple, words by Clifton Bingham. This song has already become popular. It bears a marked resemblance to the composer's "In Sweet September," and is certainly every bit as pretty and effective.—"The Island of Dreams," by Stephen Adams, words by F. E. Weatherly. A tuneful song, with a haunting refrain and graceful accompaniment.—"In the Rain," by Guy d'Hardelot, words by Samuel Minturn Peck. Quaint and pretty.—"It was a lover," a two-part song in canon for equal voices. The words are from "As You Like It," and the



SILVER-GILT SHIP GIVEN TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH BY THE TRINITY HOUSE CORPORATION.

music, by Theo. Marzials, is bright, dainty, and original.—"Winter," by Alfred Scot Gatty, words by A. P. Graves. This is a really lovely song, and will undoubtedly become popular.—"Better and Best." Pretty and reposeful music, set by J. M. Capel to words by F. E. Weatherly.—"Paquita." A fairly attractive waltz by Josef Meissler.

From Charles Woolhouse.—"Dreams of Spring." By Gustav Ernest. Words (after the German) by Charles Carlyle. The words and music are alike charming and good. Would suit either tenor or soprano.—"Cupid's Mission," by Nilmah. A quaint little song, with a somewhat effective refrain.

From Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co.—"Scherzino," by Señor Albeniz. This is No. 2 of "Rêves" for the pianoforte, and is a fairly difficult piece. It will, however, fully repay any amount of study. No. 3 is entitled "Chant d'Amour," and is a veritable love-song of beauty and charm. The same composer's "Berceuse" for piano and cello or violin is a refined and graceful composition. The violin part is transcribed by Tivadar Nachéz.

From Francis Day and Hunter.—"The Spell of Love," by Edward St. Quentin. Words by George Arthur Binnie. A pretty song, with a refrain adapted from Dan Godfrey jun.'s popular waltz.—"The Star of Love," by Edward St. Quentin, words by Wilfred Mills, is an attractive song of similar type.—"The Fisher's Song," words by W. Fieldsend, music by Karl Ungar, founded on Stocks Hammond's waltz "Fischerlied." Ordinary but effective.—"Copenhagen," a brilliant polka-march, by Karl Kaps; and "The Versa," a new "valse dance," invented, composed, and described by Edward Scott.

Miscellaneous.—"The Lady Hilda," a brilliant waltz, and the "Zetland Hunt," a good galop, by J. Aloysius Hoggett. (Hopwood and Crew).—"Six Sunday Songs," by C. A. Macirone. A good collection of sacred compositions. (Alfred Hays).—"Summer Showers," a book of six pretty little songs, by Ethel Harraden, words by Gertrude Harraden. "Suite de Pièces," for violin and piano, by Clara Angela Macirone. A useful book, containing some remarkably good pieces. (Forsyth Brothers).—"The Emigrant's Farewell," by G. W. Crawford, words by Professor Blackie. A fairly telling but ordinary song. (Marriott and Williams).—"A Letter from afar," by C. Lincoln, words by George Weatherly. A rather pretty song for low voices. (Weekes and Co.).—"The Eighteenth Century," studies for pianoforte, by Arthur Somervell. Three very tuneful and attractive little studies. (J. and J. Hopkinson).—"Chastelâr," a cycle of songs from the Whyte-Melville Tableaux music; words by G. J. Whyte-Melville, music by F. St. John Lacy. Four characteristic and pretty songs. (The London Music Publishing Co.)

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Professor Momerie is a terrible fellow! Not content with showing up the King's College authorities in the *Contemporary Review*, he is said to be making arrangements for an indignation meeting. He is (so it is rumoured) to give an evening lecture in a West End hall; a large sum is to be spent in advertising this deliverance, which is otherwise to be effectively boomed; and evening dress is to be a condition of admission! No doubt the last provision is a thoughtful device for keeping the to-be-exasperated audience moderately and Christianly cool.

The late Dr. J. D. Morell had almost faded from the thought of the present generation, though young fathers and mothers will understand when I say that he was the inventor of the "analysis of sentences," one of the numerous forms of useless torture by which it is sought to disgust the youth of England with their own language. He did better work in his early days, and, indeed, promised at one time to be a leader in philosophy. He was one of the many influential writers—it would be interesting to have a list—who once held Nonconformist pastorates, and, while Independent minister at Gosport, busied himself with philosophical study, the result of which appeared in the work which drew attention to his name. I have not seen it mentioned that his "discoverer" was Dr. Chalmers, who praised him enthusiastically in the *North British Review*, then the organ of the Free Church. What commended him specially to Chalmers was that, unlike many philosophers, he made "lucid conveyance of his thoughts." Dr. Morell was a man of the kindest disposition, and was exceedingly popular with his friends at Hampstead.

The new secretary of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge is the Rev. W. O. B. Allen, M.A., curate of St. Gabriel's, Pimlico. The appointment is worth £500 a year—not a large income, but much more than the majority of the clergy receive—and I am surprised to learn that the number of applicants was under ninety. This, however, is large in comparison with the number of candidates for a similar appointment lately vacant in another great religious society. The salary offered was about the same, but fewer than twenty came forward. Mr. Allen has written "A Parson's Holiday: an Account of a Tour in India."

I am glad, for various reasons, to learn that Dean Church's book on the Oxford movement has been a marked success, nearly four thousand copies having already been disposed of. This is good news, first because it shows that the public are willing to pay a good price for a good book, though they get no discount—the volume cost over twelve shillings, and was issued net—next because it shows a growing appreciation for the writings of Dean Church. During his lifetime the sale of some of his best books was slow. If it is stimulated, one may hope for a reissue of some of his best *Guardian* articles—in particular, those on "Ecce Homo," the "Apologia," and Matthew Arnold.

Complaints are made by the Cornish clergy that they are practically excluded from promotion. No resident canon of Truro is a Cornishman, and it is asserted that strangers from distant parts of England are appointed to the most important posts. If so, it is natural that the clergy should feel disheartened. In Wales only Welshmen are promoted.

There is, it appears, a manuscript copy of the "Christian Year" in Keble's handwriting, and with additional poems, preserved in the library of Keble College, Oxford. It was lithographed and prepared for publication by a former possessor, but objections were raised by Mr. Keble's relatives. Is there any reason why the publication should not now be proceeded with?

As was anticipated, the Rev. C. A. Berry has declined nomination to the secretariat of the Congregational Union. It became manifest that the proposal did not meet with cordial sympathy—a very large number thinking it an error to withdraw a popular preacher from the pulpit and relegate him to the desk. The salary paid to the late secretary, Dr. Hannay, was £900 a year.

A serious charge has been brought against the younger clergy of the Church of England. In defiance of the Hebrew tongue, and the good example of their ancestors, they say "Ephraim" for Ephraim. "For my part," says a genial censor, "I would as soon hear a man drop an *h* as do that."

Professor W. M. Ramsay, the famous explorer of Asia Minor, is to publish an important article, "The Story of a Cappadocian Heresy," in the *Expositor* for May. V.

## SILVER-GILT SHIP PRESENTED TO THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Corporation of Trinity House has presented to the Duke of Edinburgh, in grateful remembrance of valuable services, a beautiful work of the silversmith's art. The ship, of antique form, as will be seen by our illustration, is richly chased in repoussée seventeenth-century work, with figures of Neptune and Venus at the helm and prow. The sails are chased with arms, and the hull rests upon four richly pierced wheels. Many figures of sailors and soldiers are placed in the rigging and in other parts of the ship. The stays, lines, and rigging are all of silver wire. The whole rests on a blue-silk velvet plinth. It bears the arms of the Trinity House and those of the Duke of Edinburgh; there is also a large silver plate inscribed with the names of the officers of the Trinity House. Such a subject naturally lends itself to a decorative treatment, and the work has been artistically carried out by Messrs. Elkington and Co.

Señor Albeniz resumed his well-managed series of chamber concerts at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 9, and had the satisfaction of seeing the large room fairly filled. The number of the Spanish pianist's admirers is decidedly on the increase. Talent and perseverance combined are bound in the end to meet with their due reward. The programme in the present instance was made up chiefly of solo *morceaux*. Señor Albeniz shining to particular advantage in a couple of Scarlatti pieces and some of the delicate compositions from his own pen which he executes with such exquisite refinement and charm. M. Tivadar Nachéz was heard in Bach's B minor Partita for violin alone, which he played with notable vigour and technical facility. Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Henry Guy, and Mr. Wilfred Cunliffe supplied the vocal element of the concert; and Messrs. Raphael Roche and Sidney Naylor officiated as accompanists.



## WESTERN CHINA AND TIBET.

The public will read with interest a plain unvarnished tale unfolded by Mr. A. E. Pratt, who, in the combined capacities of a "foreign devil" and a collector of *lepidoptera*, spent a part of the year 1889, and again a part of the year 1890, at the village of Ta-Chien-Lu, or near it, in the province of Sze-chuan, in Western China, and made journeys and voyages which enabled him to take the photographs employed for the purpose of our Illustrations. The village of Ta-Chien-Lu, on a mountain 8400 ft. above the sea-level, would be notable, if for nothing else, as the place near which the celebrated Père David was for some years a resident, and whence he sent off to Europe his valuable collections of birds and mammals.

And now for Mr. Pratt's account of his adventurous expedition thither from Shanghai, by the great river Yang-tze, of which everybody must have heard, and which is stated by credible authorities to drain an area of 950,000 square miles, and to be more than 3000 miles long. To Ichang, he tells us, a distance of 1200 miles, passengers proceed by steamers specially constructed in England for that river-service, and commanded by English or American captains; but steamers have to be changed at Hankow, so that, according to the time that has to be wasted there in waiting for a boat, the passage may occupy as few as ten days, or as many as three weeks. From Ichang to Chung-King the ordinary passenger would proceed by Chinese house-boat; but for Mr. Pratt, whose heart was set upon bringing home a large collection of *lepidoptera* with as much speed and as little damage as possible under the circumstances, the smaller sort of house-boat would not have been large enough, and the bigger would have been too slow and unwieldy, requiring a crew of thirty men or more, and too risky because of bad construction and want of protection against the weather. At Ichang, therefore, he had a boat built for him after his own heart, and, apparently, his own model, Chinese as to the hull, but provided with a superior kind of cabin, wherein were more or less weatherproof lockers to preserve his precious collection of venerated *lepidoptera*. The crew numbered sixteen men all told, of whom half were employed as "trackers," or human barge-horses, whose duty it was to tow the boat up the stream, which is so rapid in parts, or so interspersed by rapids, that, on the ascent, as many as fifty or sixty additional "trackers" have to be hired at certain awkward points, and, both on the ascent and still more on the descent, a moment's carelessness might cause gentlemen who collect *lepidoptera* to lose the fruits of a whole season's hardship and toil, to say nothing of their own lives, and of the lives of their crew. In June, July, and August, Mr. Pratt says, it is next to impossible to ascend the river at all; but on one of his trips, in the month of April, he "accomplished the quick time," as the sporting reporters have it, of twenty-six days between Ichang and Chung-King.

As for the scenery, for a third of that distance Mr. Pratt found it most impressive, with the river winding through gloomy gorges and between cliffs rising sheer out of the water to a height of 2000 ft.; but, after passing Kwi-Chau-Fu, where there is a customs station, at which boats have to stop to be searched, Nature becomes less ruggedly grand, and assumes the fertile and well-cultivated appearance which it for the most part exhibits until the voyager approaches the confines of Chinese Tibet. The picturesqueness of the scene was sometimes enhanced, at the dusk of evening, by thousands of lights, like glow-worms in motion, floating down the stream, though they were really nothing but bamboo-cups, containing oil and a lighted wick. They are supposed to be an offering made to the departed spirits of the dead; and they recall, to a certain extent, what is well known to take place on the Ganges. The weirdness of the scene was increased by the melancholy chaunting of the sailors at work.

At Chung-King, where, by-the-bye, the temperature sometimes reaches 100 deg. Fahrenheit in the shade, Mr. Pratt began the ascent of what is known as the upper river, and was astonished at the quantity of opium which must be grown in the district, as he passed for days through fields of red and white poppies. Two kinds of tobacco, also, he observed in cultivation over a large area; but he found the country deficient in woodland, though he came occasionally upon the cedar, the chestnut, the bamboo, and the beautiful tree for which the Chinese name is *Ilmoo*. At Su-chow-fu he left the great river Yang-tze and entered the Min, one of its largest tributaries, flowing through a thickly populated district, where the chief industry is the manufacture of salt; and above Swei-Fu he visited some curious caves which have been cut in the red sandstone, and which, or some of which, the Chinese have used for burial-places, as appears from the coffins lying inside. Mr. Pratt proceeded on his way to the city of Kia Ting Fu, where he met with a reception which would lead one to conclude that the "foreign devil" in China would do well to conceal, first of all, his horns and tail. For hardly had he and

his companion, Mr. Krichsedorf, a brother "collector" who was with him, moored their boat, than they were greeted with a shower of stones. The fact was that several thousands of students were attending the literary and military triennial examinations at the place, and were extending their usual hospitality to the "foreign devils," whose dress, no doubt, had attracted attention. At any rate, the visitors, having promptly had their heads shaved and adopted Chinese costume, as soon as they had succeeded in convincing the local authority that they were wrongly accused of having on board their boat an infernal machine for destroying the whole place, and had been allowed to land, found themselves much safer, though less attractive, for the future.

Mr. Pratt now had to leave his boat at Kia Ting Fu and travel overland. He first reached Su-chi, a small place of little or no interest; and then, after travelling through a lovely country, which reminded him of Hampshire, and in which for the first time he came across the beautiful orchid called *dendrobium nobile*, growing wild, a charming mass of pink bloom, he arrived at the town of Omi-Hsian, seven miles from Mount Omi, the celebrated Sacred Hill. Hence, through a wild region, where he met coolies carrying down from the mountains eggs of the remarkable wax insect, and where he reached an elevation of 5000 ft., he made his way to

feet above it, and opposite to it, stood the curiously shaped peak of Wa-Shan. Here Mr. Pratt passed a month, whereof the first half was unfavourable for the collection of *lepidoptera*, in consequence of a hideous climate, which he unpatriotically likens to that of England, though he mentions the existence of roses, very pretty but "single," plenty of strawberries, and good shooting, with wild bull, two kinds of antelope, two of bear, and five of pheasant (including, perhaps, the magnificent Amherst). He ascended the mountain, and from the summit had a splendid view of the Ta-Chien-Lu range, rising peak over peak away into Tibet. On resuming his pilgrimage he found himself upon a road which leads over a pass some 10,000 ft. in height, and then winds down into a deep ravine; and partly on foot, partly by horse (obtained near Fu-lin), reached Ling-Chi, having crossed the Fei-Yu-Ling Pass (elevation 9020 ft.), and descended to Ling-Chi, a town near the banks of the Tung, not more than 3070 ft. above the sea-level. There he endeavoured to sleep, the weather being like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, but complains that he was kept awake by mosquitoes, fleas, bugs, and a still more objectionable insect (for which, apparently, Chinese is the only language capable of supplying an appropriately horrible name). An entomologist, one would have thought, would have been delighted with such an opportunity, and with such a company; but Mr. Pratt's quest was

*lepidoptera*. He escaped from his torments as early as possible, and fled, not naked, but wounded, to Lu-Ting-Chow, and crossed the Tung to Shapa, the French mission-station, by the suspension bridge, a structure so curious as to deserve description. It is guessed roughly to be about 150 yards long and about 100 or 150 ft. above the river (on both sides of which lies Lu-Ting-Chow); and it is formed of loose boards laid upon a framework of iron, which depends from two iron chains. Moreover, he who has crossed it finds himself on a slippery twisting path of soft shale, so dangerous that holes have to be made for each foot step, and a false movement might precipitate the mover into the river, 150 ft. below. From Shapa, where Mr. Pratt met more kind French missionaries, and where he saw with his own eyes how easily whole villages may be swept away—as they are—by inundations, he pushed along, meeting on the road many gangs of coolies carrying "bricks" (from 7 lb. to 10 lb. each) of tea, as well as salt, tobacco, hides, musk, and deer-horns, to Wassu-Kow, where he rested for a night, and the next day passed through a fine gorge, ascending a steep winding road, and on turning a corner came suddenly in sight at last of Ta-Chien-Lu. There it was once more a case of kind French missionaries, represented by Mgr. Biat, Bishop of Eastern Tibet; and there Mr. Pratt, who with his companion, Mr. Krichsedorf, found accommodation in the house formerly occupied by Mr. Baker and Captain Gill, was surprised to light upon Mr. Rockhill, who had just arrived from his perilous but brilliantly successful journey of exploration through Mongolia and Eastern Tibet. Ta-Chien-Lu, it appears, swarms with llamas, whose bodies, when they die, Mr. Pratt was told, are sometimes, if not always, disposed of in a very curious fashion—the flesh is cut off the bones, the bones are crushed and mixed with a sort of flour, and the whole preparation is given to vultures. So much for Mr. Pratt's first visit, in 1889, to Ta-Chien-Lu, where, in the month of August, he made the experiment of camping out on the mountain in a Tibetan tent, made of Chinese cloth embroidered with blue—such as the Tibetans



TA-CHIEN-LU, A MOUNTAIN VILLAGE, ALTITUDE 8400 FEET.

Lu-lu-ping, where the landlord of the hotel handed to him a fragment of the *Times* (weekly edition), dated Nov. 23, 1877, and left there by Mr. Baker on his way to Wa-Shan eleven years before Mr. Pratt's arrival, no European having passed in the interval. After this, having struck the main stream of the Tung River, Mr. Pratt descended to Ching-ka-how, and at a neighbouring village, where he had slept, saw from his bed-room window a few antelope, promptly fetched his rifle, and shot one of them, not so much from the instinct which is said to urge an Englishman irresistibly to go out and kill something on a fine day, as because fresh meat was a rarity and a welcome addition to a fare which consisted chiefly of rice and Indian corn cakes, with eggs and chickens at intervals. Passing hence by the side of a range of mountains, and following an affluent of the Tung River, Mr. Pratt, in thirty-two days from leaving Chung-King, reached Ta-Chih-Chih, a long straggling village, with detached clusters of houses, standing 5980 ft. above the sea-level; and there he was fortunate enough to fall in with Père Joseph Martin, a French missionary, who was visiting his converts, and who very kindly took the stranger in at a house which had been a mission-station. Here Mr. Pratt had ocular evidence that the missionaries had not laboured in vain, but had, in commercial language, got value for their money; since here, for the first time, he saw Chinese joss-houses abandoned and in ruins, as if to bear witness to the genuineness of the former idolaters' Roman Catholic conversion and profession. The house was of one storey, containing three rooms and a kitchen; it was in fairly good repair, and, more than all, it was clean—a fact as rare as it was pleasant in those regions. Towering six thousand

use when they camp out in the summer for the sake of mountain air and the mineral springs.

At his second visit, in 1890, from Hankow, whither he had retired, Mr. Pratt made an ascent of the sacred Mount Omi (11,100 ft. high), whereon there are from sixty to eighty temples, with about 2000 priests; spent a night at Wan-nien-szü, notable for its tropical vegetation; witnessed more than once the singular phenomenon called "the glory of Buddha," the golden disk surrounded by iridescent lights; crossed the Ya River six times; passed through Ya-Chow-Fu; went over the Tzu-Huang Ling Pass; camped out in a forest of rhododendrons about two hours below the region of perpetual snow; witnessed a rebellion of oppressed peasants and its consequences, in the shape of the ringleaders' heads exposed in bamboo-cages; had a meeting and a conversation with the local Tibetan king; saw Tibetan horse-races, which must resemble tobogganing rather than the style of Newmarket; climbed to the summit of the Mo-si-mien Pass (altitude, 13,000 ft.), and had to build a log-cabin for the *lepidoptera*, so damp was the climate; soon found the weather up there, though the month was June, like that of a Canadian winter; was held responsible by the ignorant and superstitious natives for the unusual severity of the season (as the albatross for the fog and mist, in the "Ancient Mariner"), ordered to pack and go, and had no alternative but to obey.

To show the difference between ascending and descending such a river as the Yang-tze, it may be well to mention that Mr. Pratt took twenty-six days from Ichang to Chung-King ascending, and descending from Chung-King to Ichang fifty-three hours, a distance of four hundred miles.



# SIR PROVO WALLIS'S HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, G.C.B., senior Admiral of the Fleet, who was born at Halifax, Nova Scotia, in 1791, celebrated on April 12, at Funtingdon, near Chichester, the hundredth anniversary of his birthday.

The Father of the Royal Navy is still able, says the *Times*, to take interest in naval affairs, and is, upon the whole, in the enjoyment of health superior to that of many a well-preserved veteran who is fifteen or twenty years his junior. The extraordinary strength of his constitution recently enabled him to recover from a somewhat severe illness; and, until quite lately, his handwriting retained all the firmness and character of a man in the prime of life.

Sir Provo, it may be recollected, nominally joined the Navy in 1795, but did not actually go to sea until the close of 1804, when he became a midshipman in the *Cleopatra*. In her he was taken prisoner on Feb. 17, 1805, by a French frigate; but a week later both the French vessel and her prize were captured by the *Leander*. On Sept. 21, 1809, Wallis, by that time a lieutenant, was wrecked in the *Curieux*, off Guadeloupe; on Dec. 18, 1809, he assisted in the capture of the French batteries at Anse-la-Barque, Guadeloupe, and

in the destruction of the French frigates *Seine* and *Loire*, which were lying there; and on June 1, 1813, as second lieutenant of the *Shannon*, he took part in the celebrated duel between that frigate and the American frigate *Chesapeake*, off Boston. In the action Captain Philip Bowes Vere Broke, of the *Shannon*, was wounded, and Mr. George T. L. Watt, first lieutenant, was killed. The command devolved, therefore, upon Wallis, who had the satisfaction of carrying his ship and her prize into the harbour of his native place. This service gained him his promotion; but soon afterwards the long peace began, and thenceforward Wallis had no fighting to do. As a spectator, nevertheless, he was present at plenty of it. He saw *Vera Cruz* bombarded by Rear-Admiral Baudin in 1838, and in 1844 he saw *Tangier* and *Mogador* treated in the same way by Rear-Admiral the Prince de Joinville.

Owing to the exceptional length and character of Sir Provo's services, it was decided, at the instance of Mr. Childers, to retain his name on the active list of the Royal Navy for life. This honour is unique. Sir Provo's name may be said to have figured on that list for nearly ninety-six years. Since he first actually went to sea more than eighty-six years have elapsed.



MOUNTAINS OF THE TIBET FRONTIER, 17,000 FEET HIGH.



COLLECTORS AND TENT ON THE MOUNTAINS, ALTITUDE 13,500 FEET.

MR. A. E. PRATT'S TRAVELS IN WESTERN CHINA AND TIBET.





PRISONERS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT KRASNOIARSK UNLOADING SLEDGES.



PEASANT WOMEN SELLING BREAD, TEA, AND SUGAR TO PRISONERS.

SKETCHES IN SIBERIA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST: COURTYARD OF THE PRISON FOR CRIMINALS AT KRASNOIARSK.



## RUSSIAN PRISONERS IN SIBERIA.

In his letter from Krasnoïarsk, published on March 14, Mr. Julius Price, our Special Artist, described the Perasilny, or dépôt for the reception of convicts from Russia passing through that town on their route to a place of penal servitude; and the regular prison for criminals at Yeniseisk was described in an earlier letter, of Feb. 21. He witnessed the arrival of a batch of prisoners, accompanied by their guard of soldiers, after a long tramp over the dreary Siberian plains, and made a sketch of the scene at the door of the Perasilny, while they were unloading the sledges on which their baggage was carried. The prisoners, it will be observed, still wore the fetters attached to their legs, but were clothed warmly in thick greatcoats and caps, with stout boots, as well equipped for marching as the soldiers. While on the journey, and at this station, each had a small allowance of money to buy food; and the peasant market-women of Krasnoïarsk were permitted to enter the courtyard to sell them black rye-bread, tea, sugar, tobacco, and other such articles, through an opening in the wall of the building. Our Artist made sketches of the hideously ugly heads of the prisoners as they greedily thrust out their arms and dirty hands. The prisoners of a company elect their own captain, styled the "Starosta," who is made responsible for discipline, and by whom they may prefer any just requests or complaints; but these men are apt to abuse their power, and the worst instances of tyranny or cruelty are due more frequently to a bad Starosta than to the officers of a prison. The most desperate criminal, like the one mentioned by our Artist, convicted of four murders, will probably get an ascendancy over weaker minds; and any other prisoner who disputed his will might soon be killed. It seems that the main fault of the Siberian prison system is allowing too much liberty, and not preventing the evil intercourse of prisoners with each other, while they have no regular task-work except at the mines. Beyond taking their turn for chopping wood or drawing water, all work is optional; some get a little money by making cigarettes. The supervision is not corrective or reformatory, but simply military, to prevent their escape. Our Artist has not yet visited the mines; but his accounts so far go to disprove the charges of inhumanity deliberately ordained by the Russian Government, whatever administrative defects may still demand reform. He further describes the position of a "privileged" class of criminals—that is to say, men of intelligence, who have received a good education either in a Government school or gymnasium, and who have occupied good positions in their time. "These," he says, "are never absolutely associated with the vulgar horde of ordinary every-day criminals, when they have been guilty of such offences as forgery or misappropriation of trust money. On their way to Siberia, although they travel with the same gang, they do so apart, even in their own conveyance, if they have the means to pay for it. On arrival at the different 'étapes,' the prisons in the villages, they are provided with a room to themselves, till the detachment is ready to start again, and on reaching their destination are turned loose, so to speak, and left to shift for themselves. I had no difficulty whatever in learning all this, for my various 'criminal' acquaintances were not reticent—in fact, seemed glad to tell me all about it, as an interesting story. The political exiles never march, but are conveyed in 'telegas,' or sledges, according to the season, and always follow some distance behind the criminals, with whom they are never associated. Considering how slowly the column advances—and I am informed that it is often no less than five or six months on the road—it must be a terrible journey indeed across Siberia, for those who are leaving friends, home—in fact, all behind them for ever. To those 'unfortunates,' when not criminal, all our sympathy is due; but the *canaille* marching on ahead in most cases richly deserve more than their fate, and ought to thank their lucky stars they are Russian and not English convicts. The more I learn about the prisoners' life, either on the road or in the Ostrogs, the more astonished I am at the humane way in which they are treated, and how little is really known of it in the outer world. I am not referring to the system as a whole, which I feel convinced is not only a wrong but a demoralising one, but to minor details, which show a kindly feeling on the part of the authorities which is somewhat unexpected. In a vast country like Siberia, where a great part of the population—I mean of the lower middle class and working orders—is composed of criminal exiles, it may readily be imagined that there exists a peculiar state of social opinion, which is positively amusing at times. If a man conducts himself well, and is liked, it matters not a straw that he be an exiled 'gentleman criminal' doing his time, for he is received almost everywhere, and one need not be ashamed to be seen associating with him, as even the officials shake hands with him when they meet. He himself makes no secret of his misdemeanour—rather the contrary, as a rule—for most of them seem to think that 'coming to reside in Siberia' absolutely whitens them again in the eyes of society. As a matter of fact, they are encouraged in this belief, for they are always spoken of as 'unfortunates.' Perhaps they are called so because they are found out and sent here! On one occasion two men I knew very well met in my rooms; both were criminal exiles who had formerly occupied high positions in St. Petersburg—one, a German, having been 'sent' for uttering forged bonds; the other, a Russian, for embezzlement of Government money. As they were not acquainted, I naturally introduced them to each other. It was difficult to realise that these two well-dressed and polished men, who spoke several languages fluently, were each doing a ten years' penal sentence. After a short preamble on the usual everyday topics, the Russian asked the German if he were an inhabitant of Krasnoïarsk. 'Gott sei Dank, nein,' replied he: 'I was only sent for ten years, and my time is nearly up.' 'Ah! then you're a "Verschickte"?' I thought you were. So am I. What did you come for?' 'Oh! only for so and so; and you?' 'Oh! mine' (with a certain amount of pride) 'was a big affair; I managed to get over 40,000 roubles out of the Government,' and so the conversation rattled pleasantly on, gradually drifting into (for me) more congenial subjects. There was not the least bit of shame about them—they talked of their offences, while smoking their cigarettes, as naturally as most men would relate an interesting episode in their lives, and I sat and listened—and wondered. The same unbiassed way of looking on the state of affairs exists among the lower orders; and soldiers, with gangs of criminals in prison garb and heavy clanking chains, push their way on foot through the crowd in the market-place, attracting no notice, the prisoners being, to all appearance, stolidly indifferent to their situation. I will add a few particulars about their long journey. In Russia they are conveyed principally by rail, and by prison barges on the rivers, to the borders of Siberia. After starting on their weary march, if any fall ill or footsore, they can get upon one of the numerous vehicles that accompany a gang of prisoners. In front of them marches the guard of 'convoy soldiers,' not Cossacks, with rifles and fixed bayonets. The guard is changed at every second 'étape,' or station. The prisoners march but one stage a day, and rest at the second station twenty-four hours."

## THE NEW LYCEUM THEATRE, IPSWICH.

Few provincial towns in England present such a pleasant combination as Ipswich of quaint old-fashioned dwellings and shops with stately architectural improvements of recent construction. The Lyceum, now completed and opened, is one of the handsomest and best-appointed theatres in any county town, doing credit to the architect, Mr. Walter Emden, and to



MRS. KEELEY (MISS GOWARD)  
AS MARGARETTA IN "NO SONG NO SUPPER."

the builders, Messrs. Grimwood and Sons, of Sudbury and Ipswich. It has been erected by a company of which Mr. F. W. Wilson, Mr. Hugh Turner, Mr. J. Haskell, Mr. W. G. Hayes, and other gentlemen are directors. The manager appointed by them is Mr. W. G. Fisk. The stock scenery is painted by Mr. Henry Emden, of London, and the drop-scene by Mr. Wane.

The opening of this theatre was quite a local public festival, rendered more interesting by the appearance of Mrs. Keeley, a very old favourite of Ipswich audiences: some persons could still remember seeing this lady on the stage fifty years ago. She laid the foundation-stone of this new theatre in June last year; and upon this occasion, led in by Mr. Edward Terry, she spoke with charming cordiality a clever prologue in verse, composed by Mr. Ashby-Sterry, reminding the good old city of its ancient fame as a home of theatrical genius—

Where Garrick first appeared, and where were seen  
Blanchard and Bannister, Ingleton and Kean.

Her own first appearance, as a young girl, was at Ipswich, on June 19, 1824, and she danced with the grandfather of a gentleman present on this occasion.

The first performance at the new Lyceum Theatre was that of Mr. A. W. Pinero's comedy "In Chancery"; Mr. Edward



THE NEW LYCEUM THEATRE AT IPSWICH.

Terry playing Montague Joliffe, and Messrs. Walter Everard, A. Kendrick, G. Belmore, Miss E. Leyshon, Miss Alice Yorke, Miss Kate Mills, and Miss Jessie Danvers, other characters of the play. It was followed, next week, by Mr. F. R. Benson's company, on successive nights, representing "The School for Scandal," "The Merchant of Venice," "Much Ado about Nothing," "Hamlet," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Richard III."

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

It is a common objection to plays of the "Linda Grey" type that the secret leaks out before the characters are halfway through their coincidences, and so the subsequent proceedings interest us no more. That argument has never had the smallest influence with me. I don't care a button whether the villain remains unsuspected to the end, or whether I know pretty nearly all about him in the first act. Dramatic suspense is excellent in its way, but as it is extremely rare, and as the astute playgoer cannot be kept off the scent for any length of time, it is no sufficient criticism of a drama to say that the plot is evident from the beginning. If the dramatist can make his coincidences workmanlike, if he can interest you more in the unfolding of the story than in the story itself, if he can keep you to the end just to see how the villain gets the deserts which have been in store for him all the evening, then the play has a decent pretext for its existence. Now, there are two things in "Linda Grey" which are not unworthy of the author of "Jim the Penman." One is the discovery of the clue to the murderer. Lord Parkhurst is cutting the string which binds the parcel of sketches for an illustrated paper (modesty forbids me to say *which*), and he does it with the stiletto with which he killed the murdered man. This brought home the reality of the business to me at once. Who knows that some villain may not cut the leaves of this Journal with a dagger ornamented with an emerald and a coronet, and reveal his horrid disposition in that apparently innocent act? Then it was distinctly clever of Linda to remember her husband's description of the creole with the melting eyes, and offer to love the man who actually killed him. Of course, the villain was caught in the trap at once, and I had a genuine satisfaction in seeing him collared as the curtain fell.

But to tell this cost five mortal acts and five costumes for Mrs. Langtry. I do not grudge the costumes. They were eminently fitting (this is no wanton jest), for Mrs. Langtry was representing an actress, and, if such a part does not justify gowns galore, I should like to know what does. It thrilled me to hear the hurried whispers of ladies just behind who were rapidly comparing notes of the wonderful cloak in the last act, and doubtless taking photographs with the unerring camera of the feminine eye, to be presented to the dazzled dressmaker next day. But I always find Mrs. Langtry a good deal more interesting than her dresses. I am continually wondering whether that voice which sometimes comes so near the utterance of real intensity, whether those eyes which sometimes seem about to reveal a soul, will ever achieve the true purpose of playing. Once or twice in "Linda Grey" Mrs. Langtry is really forcible. When she sees the stiletto, and fully understands how great a debt she owes to the illustrated paper which nothing will induce me to name, there is some sign of a genuine capacity to suggest the depth of an emotion which must not be betrayed. But what could even genius do to rescue these five acts from dullness, to put a touch of life into that astonishing baronet, to make the young American woman with the fitful accent amusing, and to endow the baronet's wife with even the shadow of feminine reason? To see so bright and painstaking an actress as Miss May Whitty chained to such a part makes me weep. I remember Mr. Everill in the old Haymarket company, and I behold him now as a weak-minded convict, who gets a living by collecting subscriptions for impossible charities, and bears a maulin resemblance to the faithful Jakes in "The Silver King." No, "Linda Grey" is not a piece to conjure with, and Mrs. Langtry is still a study for expectation and perplexity.

I read somewhere the other day that there is not a page of literature in all Ibsen. Do people who think that consider that "Money," for instance, is a model of the literary drama? Are they deeply moved when "a young egotist" (where have I seen that phrase?) is always ready in a drawing-room with rhetorical flourishes about poverty and opium-eating, and the dishonesty of politicians? Would they like to know a young man who delivers himself in this style? "Do you think me so base a slave to passion that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?" And how is this for literary grammar? "Left fatherless when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me an education." What ought to be done to a man who calls his mother a fatherless boy? I wish Mr. Thomas Thorne would print these questions in his playbill, so that the audience might amuse themselves with an examination paper between the acts of "Money" at the Vaudeville. Personally, I would rather read Ibsen's stage directions than this "literature" of Bulwer Lytton's. Was there ever such rude unsufferable rant as that of Alfred Evelyn, Esq.? When he breaks off in a passion of sham cynicism to order twenty pounds to be sent to a poor bricklayer, would not any bricklayer of spirit promptly return the banknotes wrapped round half a brick? Was there ever such a burlesque of tawdry sentiment as the misunderstanding between Evelyn and Clara Douglas? The noble author meant this to illustrate the tortures of sensitive pride, and I don't know who is the more absurd—the emotional young woman or the bombastic boor who pretends to be a misanthrope. Everything—honour, honesty, satire, epigram—is laid on with a trowel. There is not a moment which is free from some broad staring artifice. The only thing to be done with such a piece is to turn as much as possible of it into farce, and this is what Mr. Thorne has the good sense to do with the scenes between Graves and Lady Franklin. It is no use treating these in the spirit of comedy. Comedy demands delicacy of touch, and that would be quite out of place in a performance of the literary Lytton. What you want is a singing chambermaid for Lady Franklin, and a comic butler for Graves, conditions which are amply satisfied at the Vaudeville. I felt happy when I found that Mr. Thorne and Miss Kate Phillips were quite indifferent to the literary text, and enlivened the scene in which Graves's melancholy is shown to be a fraud with frolics of a distinctly modern flavour. As for the serious personages, Mr. Conway succeeds in giving a note of manliness to the sounding brass of Evelyn; and Miss Dorothy Dorr makes you anxious to see her in a part less artificial than Clara Douglas.

Mr. Wilson Barrett has been giving a few representations of "Hamlet," in which his picturesque Dane has a very winning Ophelia in Miss Winifred Emery. After a large dose of Alfred Evelyn, Esq., I can recommend Hamlet, if you want a prescription in pessimism. Moreover, no one is likely to run the risk of having his bumps examined by telling you that Shakespeare is literature. There are some enduring maxims on which a remark of Hamlet's is a very reasonable reflection: "He keeps them as an ape doth nuts in the corner of his jaw; the first mouthed to be last swallowed."



THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB  
AT THE EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

The leaders—for so they deserve to be called—of the school of New English art either have come to recognise their responsibilities or have acquired a greater mastery over their materials than they displayed when, six years ago, they undertook their crusade against conventional opinion and taste. The artists of this school, moreover, are beginning to recognise that, however great may be the claims of truth in the domain of art, the truth is not always "paintable," and, if it were, one half of the painter's merit and need for special genius would disappear, and the dexterous draughtsman would occupy the place of honour. There, perhaps, still lingers among the painters of this new school a tendency to subtle and recondite effects; but, on the whole, we are bound to recognise a distinct desire to grapple with the problems presented to them in a true spirit of art.

The treatment of light and shadow is one of the problems which most exercises the painters of this school, and, while recognising the claims of the "plainists," they are not indisposed to give equal hospitality to those who attempt to deal with indoor and artificial light. In many respects Mr. P. Wilson Steer's "Ballerina assoluta," a single figure of a dancer on the stage as seen from the gallery or "flies" of the theatre, merits attention. The perspective of this quaint Japanese-like decoration is its most interesting feature—the red-and-white figure of the girl in rapid movement being admirably caught, while the treatment of the following limelight, with its iridescent *penumbra* against the darker corner of the stage is quite truthfully rendered. The same artist's portrait of Mrs. Cyprian Williams and her children by lamplight is also treated from the bird's-eye point of view; but here the chief charm is in the rendering of the flesh-tints of the face, pure white and pink without dark shadows. As for the children, which look more like wooden dolls, one would not, as often happens in a drawing-room, regret their temporary absence. Mr. Sidney Starr's portrait of Miss Draper, in a black dress, is also very noteworthy, and shows a thorough mastery of flesh-tints, which are treated with the solidity of the Old Masters. This artist's advance towards refinement of touch is perhaps one of the most hopeful symptoms of the new school. That its leaders recognise good work in every style is shown by their admission of Miss S. C. Harrison's portrait of Mr. Arthur Somervell, executed with all the care and finish of a miniature, without the waxy artificial tone by which such works are often marked. Mr. J. E. Blanche's "Pink Rose" is the portrait of a seated child, in a white dress, with a rose in her lap; but it is spoilt by the dull and almost dirty colouring of the drapery as much as by the serious and unchildlike face of the sitter. More successful is his full-length figure of Miss Pash, in a pink-and-white striped muslin dress, leaning forward on a white parasol. There is a good deal of ease as well as taste about the figure, and the drapery in this instance is light both in colour and texture, and falls gracefully and naturally.

Two pictures especially indicate the so-called "Impressionism" of new English art, although it must be said that the popular application of the term is hardly correct. In Mr. George Thomson's "Skating Rink," as in Mr. Theodore Roussel's "Brighton," we have groups of figures in movement—in the former case in artificial light; in the latter, in the open air at the pier-head. Of Mr. Thomson's figures, although raised on their roller-skates, some still retain considerable grace of pose, but it cannot be added that the movements of all the "rinkers" are—or are intended to be—more swan-like than those of Mr. Winkle on a similar occasion. The light thrown from the blazing gas under the colonnade is fairly suffused, but it is somewhat too white, and should be compared with that in a remarkable pastel by Mr. Paul Maitland, in which a London public-house—the Hollywood Arms—is seen externally lit up by a "Sugg Gas Lamp" with very wonderful results, the mouldings of the pilasters and other parts of the building, as seen through the thick haze and fog, being especially cleverly suggested. In Mr. Theodore Roussel's "Brighton" we have a gay group of promenaders at the end of the pier, and the problem of surrounding each figure with sunlight has been honestly and successfully grappled with. Miss Florence Pash has also dared to deal—and the result quite justifies her boldness—with the shops, "Over the Way," opposite to her own studio in Sloane Street. She has carefully avoided all attempt to imitate Mr. Whistler's method, but she reproduces the softening effect of London atmosphere and his peculiar tones with very good effect. It is interesting to contrast the air which we breathe with that falling to the lot of the Dieppois, of whose town Mr. Walter Sickert depicts a little open place, and one of the narrow streets leading from it. As a mere architectural study, the picture is in every way attractive—recalling at a glance the hundred and one little incidents and peculiarities which distinguish a French town, but, as a careful analysis of the value of sunshine and shadow, Mr. Sickert's picture is worthy of still greater praise. He recognises, what so many older artists seem always to forget, that it is impossible to render the full blaze of sunlight on canvas, and that, consequently, to keep up the proper balance of light and shadow throughout a picture, a proportionate reduction of tone throughout the work is essential to truth as well as to pictorial success. Miss Dora Noyes's "Seeds on the Wing," a study of children among a field of thistledown, and Mr. Alfred Hitchens's "Midday Rest," two children seated among the blue bugloss of the Dutch sand dunes, are both very good instances of open-air work—the latter especially showing a marked advance on the artist's previous work—while Mr. Otto Scholderer's "Oysters" are worthy successors to those which served as models to the three or four generations of the De Heem family, who as painters of still life hold their own against all comers.

We ought not, perhaps, to leave the gallery without paying some tribute of wonderment, if of naught else, to the picture which occupies the place of honour at the end of the room, "The Angel and the Shepherds," by Messrs. George Henry and E. A. Homel, of which drawing, colour, and sentiment are at least upon a level. It is the admission of grotesque performances such as this which draw down ridicule upon the efforts of the pioneers of new English art, and throw unnecessary obstacles in their path. It is, therefore, with real regret that we see such a work placed in juxtaposition with many of those described, and of many others in which we recognise the serious aims of the artists.

In conclusion, we may mention the names of Mr. Jacob Hood, Mr. B. Docharty, Mr. B. Sickert, Mr. Edward Stott, and Mr. J. Buxton Knight as those of artists who are doing conscientious work—often in open revolt against the teachings of their elders, but all bearing evidence to individual thought and self-confidence. Perhaps Mr. R. O'Connor's study of the head of an old French peasant is one of the boldest works in this way; but as a lesson in colour-blending it is wonderfully instructive, and, when seen at a distance, surprisingly truthful, although each of its component parts is violent in line and crude in colour. Altogether, the exhibition is an interesting one, and is full of encouragement to its promoters and their admirers.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

**E. LOUDEN (Swansea).**—It would be as well to give in writing some of the six modes of solution. None of our other correspondents have discovered any but the author's.  
**F. BENNETT (Queensland).**—Your last position belongs to a class which is not popular. It is too mechanical, and has none of those ingenious traps or surprises without which two-movers are scarcely acceptable.  
**F. J. M. (King's Lynn).**—(1) The mate in three moves is only required against the best possible defence. (2) "The Two-move Chess Problem," by B.G. Laws. (3) Your problem is very good, but has too strong a first move.  
**M. A. E. (Folkestone).**—We share your opinion about the merits of Mr. Heathcote's problem.  
**R. J. MARSDEN.**—Thanks for both letters. We have made as much use as our space permits of your report.  
**DELTA.**—We are sorry to hear you have been so unwell, and hope the coming summer will pull you round. Enclosures all received, and are having our attention.  
**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2443 and 2444** received from J. E. Daily (Madras); of No. 2445 from D. A. V. Sastry (Tumkur); of No. 2446 from J. W. Ten Hones; of No. 2449 from E. G. Boys and J. W. Ten Hones; of No. 2450 from Sorrento (Dawlish); E. G. Boys, Rev. Winfield Cooper, Captain J. A. Challice, A. W. Hamilton (Exeter), J. W. Ten Hones, and Blair H. Cochrane (Clewary); of No. 2451 from Emil Frau (Lyons), Nellie Gales, J. D. Tucker (Leeds), J. W. Ten Hones, G. H. Harker, Sergeant Heath (Beverley), Julia Short (Exeter), A. S. Garton, A. S. (The Hague), J. Pryor (Manchester), J. F. Moon, J. Humble, Captain J. A. Challice, A. Gwinner, W. Hanrahan (Rush), H. Kesseler (Brussels), W. David (Card. R.), and A. W. H. Gell.  
**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2452** received from R. Worters (Cartersburg), Brighton Sadine Club, Sorrento (Dawlish), T. Roberts, J. T. Pohlen (Lancaster), Nellie Gales, M. Burke, Martin F. E. E. H. Dawn, Emil Frau, E. P. Vulliamy, Blair H. Cochrane, J. F. Moon, Z. Inzold (Frampton), H. B. Hurford, Dr. P. St. R. Rancocla, Columbus, W. David (Cardiff), Hereward, Shadforth, J. Dixon, Fr. Fernando (Dublin), T. Chown, M. A. Eyre, L. Desanges (Rome), J. W. Blagg, W. T. Hurley (Rochester), W. R. Tatlam, B. D. Knox, L. Schlu (Vienna), Julia Short, J. Ross (Whitley), R. H. Brooks, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), A. Hume, Mrs. Kelly (of Kelly), J. D. Tucker (Leeds), W. R. B. (Plymouth), G. Joicey, J. J. McEachran (Cardiff), L. Penfold, N. Harris, and H. S. B. (Farholme).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2450.—By E. N. FRANKENSTEIN.

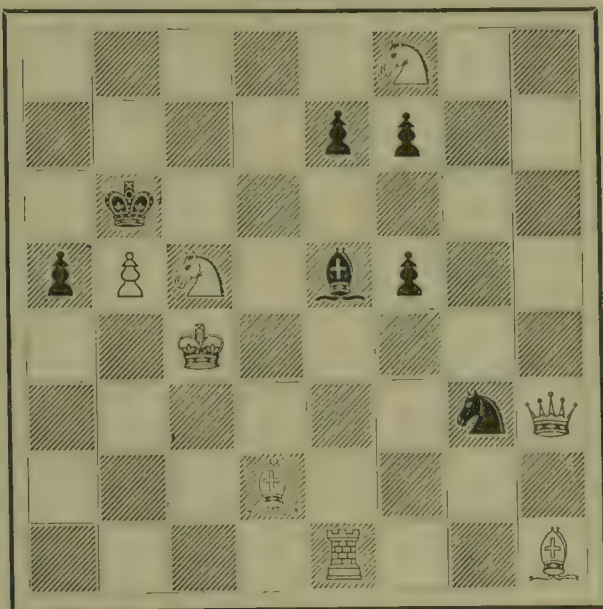
WHITE. BLACK.  
1. R to R 6th K to R 5th  
2. B to Q 7th Any move  
3. Kt to B 3rd. Mate.

If Black play 1. K to R 7th, then 2. R to R 3rd, P to R 5th; 3. Kt to Kt 4th. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2454.

By W. ROBERTSON.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Mr. A. L. STEVENSON (Wokingham) and Mr. J. ROGERS (St. Albans).

(King's Bishops Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. P takes P, dislodging the Kt, should have been played before making this move.	Kt to Kt 3rd
2. B to B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	15. P takes Kt P	K takes P
3. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt takes P	16. Q to R 5th	B takes Kt
4. P to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	17. B to R 6th (ch)	K to Kt sq
5. Kt takes P	P to Q 4th	18. P takes B	R to K sq
6. B to Kt 3rd	B to Q 3rd	19. B to Kt 5th	R to K 2nd
7. P to Q 4th	Castles		
8. Castles	Kt to Q B 3rd		

So far the game has gone on level lines; but now Black, to maintain the equality, should have played P to B 4th, and, in answer to P to Q 3rd, Kt takes Kt, P takes Kt, &c.  
9. P to K B 4th  
This gives White a distinct advantage in the opening.  
10. Kt to K 2nd  
11. P to Q B 3rd  
12. B to B 2nd  
13. P to B 5th  
14. P to B 6th  
15. Kt to K 5th  
16. P takes B  
A little premature, perhaps, although successful.

We have received a copy of the *Chessplayers' Annual and Club Directory* for 1891. This little volume contains a mass of information which every chessplayer wants at some time or other, besides original articles, problems, and all the winning positions in British problem tournaments during the past year. It is published by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Rowland, 10, Victoria Terrace, Clontarf, Dublin.

Three important chess matches are to be played early in May. The British Chess Club will meet the City of London Club, May 13; the St. George's Club on Thursday, May 14; and the British Club will meet the St. George's probably on Friday, May 15.

In the tournament for the championship of the City of London Club, Mr. Moriau has now obtained a strong lead in No. 1 section; while Messrs. Loman and Woon are abreast in No. 2 section with scores of 5½ each out of a possible 6.

This year's meeting of the Counties Chess Association will be held at Oxford, beginning on Monday, Aug. 3, play taking place in the hall of Pembroke College, by the kind permission of the Master and Fellows.

The Metropolitan Chess Club gave a very successful smoking concert on the evening of April 7, to celebrate the completion of the first year of its existence. During that period it has played eleven matches, of which eight were won, two lost, and one drawn—a creditable performance for so young a club.

A new book by the Rev. G. McDonnell is in the press, and will be published some time in May. Its subject is Chess Champions, and it gives the author's opinions and reminiscences of such masters as Steinitz, Zukertort, and Blackburne. If its workmanship is anything like equal to "Chess Life Pictures," of which, by the way, a second edition is called for, we venture to forecast for it a great success.

Another work to appear immediately is a second edition of Mr. G. H. D. Gossip's "Theory of the Chess Openings," revised to date. The first edition met with a favourable demand, and, as much fresh matter is now included, it is probable the new issue will prove equally acceptable to the public. Intending subscribers can address themselves to the author, 20, Alfred Place, Bedford Square, W.C.

We have all, it seems, been at sea in our orthography. Barbados should be Barbados, Behring should be Bering, Chili should be Chile (as the *Illustrated London News* has consistently given it), Heligoland should be Helgoland, Cameroon should be Kamerun, and Congo should be Kongo. So, at least, says the Board on Geographical Names, which has just sent in its first bulletin to the United States Congress. This bulletin revises no fewer than 226 geographical names in general use.

IN SEARCH OF SPRING.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Oh! how many of us have longed for the hand-clasp and warm, affectionate greeting of this truant Spring! Would it never come? "Why tarry the wheels of its garlanded chariot?" we all said in our hearts, when we looked at the grey leaden skies, and gazed disconsolately on the colourless mould in our desolate gardens. Imagination was our only solace. I tried to recall the various restful spots where in years past I have been greeted by this sweet-breathed and consoling friend. It was the first true tingle of warmth that I wanted, that consoling shiver that runs down the spine and seems to drive all the east wind out of your constitution. In innumerable odd corners of the world I have experienced the exquisite sensation of the returning joy of the year. Do you remember that wonderful scene, with the enthralling chorus, in Beethoven's "Fidelio," when the wretched prisoners are released from their cells and address a prayer to God for their release from darkness and despair? For months past in London we have been like those sun-deserted prisoners; but when would the release come, and who would turn the key and unlock those tear-stained cells?

In years past I have felt this exhilarating sun-glow far sooner than April, but those were the days when the sun came at Easter time, as good old Sir John Suckling testifies. Dear me, where are the spots, hallowed by memory, where joyous spring has before now greeted me? I can recall an Easter morning in old days when, landing from the Marseilles boat at Civita Vecchia, I warmed myself near the quay leaning against a sun-kissed wall, counting the lizards that darted in and out the crevices of the crumbling stones. On prosaic Barnes Common, among the yellowing gorse, walking long before Lent was over to see the University crews practise for the coming race. On a tumble-down bench propped up against a lichened barn, in an old-fashioned flower garden at a mill-house at Cromer, the sea roaring in the immediate distance, and the shadows chasing one another over the new-ploughed fields. Under an avenue of bare and giant elms that leads to the ancestral house of Knole, when, just opposite the cosy little Oak Inn, I have turned out of the village street, and been greeted by a colony of cawing rooks making their way across the pure blue sky. In a delicious corner of the Undercliff just out of pretty Shanklin, and before you arrive at the Landslip, sitting on a farm-gate, with primroses starring the banks on one side and thousands of daffodils within reach. Here, and at dozens of such nooks besides, the welcome spring has greeted me.

But this year it all seemed so hopeless after this cruel and intolerable winter. Too early and too trusting, I sought the sun among the palm-trees of Hyères and surrounded by the flowery myrtles of the Isles of Gold: but the reaction of this boundless faith was to behold the roses nipped with frost in the roadside hedges, to see the salt plains whitened with unaccustomed snow, and to try to keep myself warm at a snowballing-match, within full view of the Mediterranean Sea! Later on I searched in desperation for the sun in the Rue Canebière at Marseilles, and among the costumes and sunburnt people that swarm about the quays and grog-shops of the busiest port in the civilised world; and behold! when rashly I mounted that awful hill to the Church of Our Lady of Consolation perched high on the topmost rock in the air, I was caught by the throat by a demon mistral that choked one's very utterance, parched the skin, depressed the spirits, and sent one home more disconsolate and wretched than before. Day succeeded day, the weeks rolled into the months, and still no sun. In vain I sought my old friend in the Café Ledoyen in Paris at breakfast time. I found rain and sleet instead. In vain once more at breakfast in the ever sunny restaurant on the port at Boulogne-sur-Mer. Bless me! I got the sea, but not the sun—sea that dashed over the harbour bar and threatened to drown and souse our green oysters and fried lilliputian soles. On, on I wandered, still disconsolate! No sun, or anything like it, on the Lees at Folkestone. No sun on the King's Road, Brighton, and merely a shelter from the intolerable blasts under the colonnade that has been erected for miserable, sun-deserted mortals on the smart Madeira Road.

But why not try Freshwater Gate? I wanted to hear the "maggie gossip garrulous under a roof of pine"! I longed for a sight once more of those "groves of pine on either hand," for the hoary channel that "tumbles a billow on chalk and sand." Do you know Freshwater Gate? Have you ever been introduced to the little peaceful village, the sparkling bay that catches the first gleam of sun that is in the heavens, the restful hotel garden at the edge of the steep, with its cosy corners under green banks starred with primroses and daffodils? Not know Freshwater, that is far distant from a railway station, and within an easy walk of the Needles, and with a grass cliff within five minutes of your resting-place that is unequalled by any in the country, save always the Lighthouse Cliff at Cromer?

It was a dismal waiting, but at last the sun came, and Spring descended with her flowered mantle upon Freshwater. The handsome black-bearded fishermen who catches me prawns for luncheon had not seen the sun since last year. The officer of the Coastguard who promised to show me the nearest way over the turf down to Ventnor believed the spring would never come. The master gunner at the Freshwater Redoubt gazed and gazed over these dreary miles of melancholy mist. We had all given it up as hopeless, when all on a sudden, and without the slightest warning, out came the jolly old sun, and heralded the approach of spring indeed.

What a change in an instant! Behold the invalids upon the warm sea promenade; the deserted beach is crowded with water babies, who clamber on to the rocks and literally bask in the sun; the romantic and poetry-loving girl, with the tangle of long hair and the short skirts, wanders off to a nest of her own, with her pocket Tennyson ready for enjoyment. The Ventnor Coach, which for days past has wended its melancholy way to Alum Bay, with the disconsolate-looking driver in front and the depressed guard in scarlet behind, takes heart of grace. Our village echoes to a stirring blast on the horn, and I gaze with envy as the laughing load goes over the down to the distant lanes and farm-lands. Yes, spring has really come at last. The girls with their sage-green and blue-grey Liberty frocks need pine no more for daffodils, for they are springing up not only in the gardens but the warmest woods. The primroses, no longer pale with cold, are gaining strength and colour. The birds are chatting in the ivy around this pleasant home. The sea has life in it; the air has sweetness. How I should like to say to all sore-burdened with the cares of endless winter, if only this green garden of delight were mine: "The year's at the Spring and day's at the Morn! God's in His heaven! All's right with the world!" or, in the Freshwater words of the Laureate, who lives here—

Friend, one lay hearth would give you welcome.  
Take it, and come to the Isle of Wight!



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Now we are progressing rapidly towards the high tide of London society. It is a delightful coincidence that the season of nice things to eat and the season of dinner-parties should arrive simultaneously—ducklings, spring chickens, lamb, salmon, and all the vegetables thereunto appropriate, that so fortuitously come into season at the same time, green peas, asparagus, mint, young salads, and cucumbers. How agreeable that the time of London dinner-giving should be likewise the season of the year when civilised food-supply is in its most delicious state!

Not that our London season is based on that fact: it is fixed by the sittings of Parliament, and that again depends on the sporting period of the year, which our country gentlemen will not consent to spend in town. Nor do I mean to imply that dinner-parties are the best possible provision for eating good food. Quite the contrary is the case. Speaking generally, a formal dinner to a large party is simply spoiled luxury. The serving around a large table can hardly be quick enough to supply every guest with his portion, and with each and all of the accessories needful to its perfect consumption, in the short space of time during which the *plat* can be kept perfectly hot after its removal from the kitchen. This objection cannot be done away with by merely increasing the number of servants. The attendants have but a limited space to act in, and if they are too numerous they merely get in the way of each other, and cause instead of avoiding that fatal condition, delay. A small party of eight or ten guests, or even less, has a better chance.

However, there certainly should be a sufficiency of servants, whatever the size of the party, to allow of the one with the diner's plate being immediately followed by another with the sauce and such other "fixings" as are not merely appropriate but indispensable for the proper enjoyment of that special course. If one has to choose between allowing the viand to stand cooling on one's plate while one waits for the adjuncts, or eating half of it without those essential aids, all pretensions to excellence in the meal must be abandoned. Yet how often this cruel, this distressing choice of dire evils is forced on you at large and pretentious dinner-parties, where no expense has been spared to supply everything needful!

Lord Beaconsfield used to say that, though French cookery was better than English, the reverse was the case with the practical result, the dinner, simply because English, potters were superior to their French brethren. Hosts in Paris dare not trust the glaze of their dinner-services to a heat sufficient to make the plates fit for the food to be served upon in perfection; while the English cook may warm up her dishes and plates and sauce-boats to the highest point of comfortable handling without damaging the pottery. She may—but she very often does not do so. Nice dinners are all too often spoiled by being served up on under-warmed plates, even in England. A little refinement in regard to the plates that deserves attention is that a second helping, when desired, should always be served on a fresh hot plate. If a little hot gravy or sauce is also at hand, the slight cooling that the viand will have undergone becomes of little consequence.

However a table is dressed, whether plainly or gorgeously,

a due supply of pepper-casters and salt-cellars placed upon it is necessary for comfort. People there be who maintain that neither condiment should be wanted; that a good cook will put into the dish exactly the right quantity, so that any addition is an insult to the kitchen. A great *chef* once transferred his talents from the service of a master who insulted his soup by adding salt to it while eating. The action, implying dissatisfaction, was a grievance to the artist. Equally annoying in the reverse direction was the apparent ignorance of whether flavours were right or wrong that cost the Duke of Wellington (*the Duke*) the services of his *chef*. "I thought that M. le Duc cared nothing for my skill," said that aggrieved functionary, "so I had served to him a dinner badly dressed by an indifferent kitchen-maid. Milord ate of it as heartily as if it had been one of my best banquets, and I cannot endure to serve him longer." But whatever the cook's ability, there is room for variety of opinion on the proper extent of seasoning. Even educated and cultured tastes differ on the subject. Besides, the flavour of uncooked salt and pepper is quite different from that of the same condiments cooked in the food. In short, every guest ought to be able to help himself according to his own whim, and therefore salt and pepper should be readily accessible.

Salmon is already cheap in London—perhaps cheaper than it will be a month hence; but it is not yet quite in its prime. Seakale is very good and cheap, but asparagus still stands at those prices which make socialists of its lovers' of moderate means. The tiny, slender heads, that remind one of young corn more than of the lordly vegetable whose name they bear, are fit only to make soup. A very delicious soup can be made from them. There must be a plain white stock of veal, or of the remains and bones of a boiled chicken simmered in the water in which it was originally boiled. To this stock must be put the stalks of the thin asparagus, the soft tops being reserved; also, for a quart of soup, some mace, about three cloves, and a bit of nutmeg the size of a pea, a bay-leaf, a small onion or four shallots, a few sprigs of parsley, and one tiny young carrot. These must simmer an hour, and then all the vegetables and spices be strained out; return the soup to the saucepan, and throw in the tiny heads of asparagus to simmer for ten minutes. Then pour in a pint of cream slowly, stirring all the time, or, failing this, one egg beaten up with a pint of milk. Let it boil up, stirring often, and then, for the first time, put in some salt—there should be none in the stock or in making the soup. The asparagus heads of course, are served floating in the soup, and the flavour drawn out of the stalks is delicious.

Much interest has been aroused in Melbourne by a blind girl, only seventeen years of age, passing the university's matriculation examination. She has been blind from early infancy, and has gained her knowledge entirely by the ear. At her examination she worked her own arithmetic paper by the aid of an apparatus for guiding her hand, but her written papers she was allowed to dictate to an amanuensis, under the watch of a superintendent, in a special room. She now proposes to continue her studies for a degree. Such incidents are worth recording, for the encouragement that they may give to others in like case. Nothing can ever prevent blindness from being a terrible affliction, but it is the salvation of the blind if they are aided and encouraged to forget, as far as possible, their peculiar condition, and engage the mind and the other senses in some interesting occupation. It must always remain sad to have "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out"; but to some extent the deprivation may be compensated for by the increased development of other faculties.

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will and codicil (both dated March 7, 1890) of Mrs. Jane Pynsent, late of Belmont House, Northam, near Bideford, Devon, who died on Jan. 30, at Clifton, were proved on April 7 by Colonel Thomas Andrews Rawlins, Captain Charles Christopher Willoughby, Musgrave Clay, and James Curtis Leman, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £104,000. There are specific and pecuniary legacies to daughters, sons-in-law, nieces, godchildren, and others. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves one third, upon trust, for her daughter Mrs. Florence Lambe Reynolds, and her children; and one third, upon trust, for each of her daughters Mrs. Margaret Jane Willoughby and Mrs. Jane Augusta Rawlins, and her husband and children.

The will (dated April 5, 1889) of Mr. Henry Litton, formerly of Orford Lodge, Southport, Lancashire, and late of Ingersley, Lordswood, Southampton, who died on Jan. 15, was proved on April 1 by Mrs. Hannah Nadin Litton, the widow, and Mark Wetherby Ker, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £96,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his executor, Mr. Ker; and his wines, consumable stores, linen, and £1000 to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children or issue as she shall appoint.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Mons. Ambroise Jules Joubert Bonnaire, late of Angers, in France, who died on Dec. 24, intestate and a widower, were granted in London on April 1 to Madame Sophia Anne Marie Léonie Elizabeth le Bault de la Morinière, the daughter, and one of the next of kin, the value of the personal estate in England exceeding £84,000.

The will (dated Sept. 1, 1884) of Miss Emma Buller, late of Pound, Yelverton, Devon, who died on Feb. 22, was proved on March 20 by George Frederick Buller, the brother, and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £34,000. The testatrix gives all her personal estate to her said brother.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1890) of Mr. Frederick Brittan, M.D., formerly of Clifton, and late of Gwynfrŷn, Taliesin, Cardiganshire, who died on Feb. 15, at 44, Oxford Terrace, Hyde Park, has been proved by Mrs. Eliza Alice Brittan, the widow, Daniel Travers Burges, and Frederick Fox Cartwright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £28,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to each of his executors; £250 and £3000 to his wife; £25 to Hugh Price; £4000, upon trust, for Mrs. Louisa Jane Brittan, the wife of his son, George, for life; and there are specific bequests of his furniture, pictures, plate, and effects. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife and the children by his second marriage.

The will (dated July 24, 1888) of Mr. Edward Semple, late of Ellerslie, Hinton Road, Bournemouth, who died on March 1, was proved on March 25 by Colonel John Heathfield Stratton, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testator bequeaths £500 to his executor, Colonel Stratton; all the stocks, funds, and securities standing in his name at the Bank of England, and the moneys standing to his credit at the London and Westminster Bank and the Wilts and Dorset Bank, to his nephew and nieces, Edward Semple, Amelia Prother, and Catherine McKellar; and there are some specific bequests of pictures, plate, &c., to his said nieces. His leasehold residence,

## Royal Appointments.



H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.



Her Majesty the Queen.



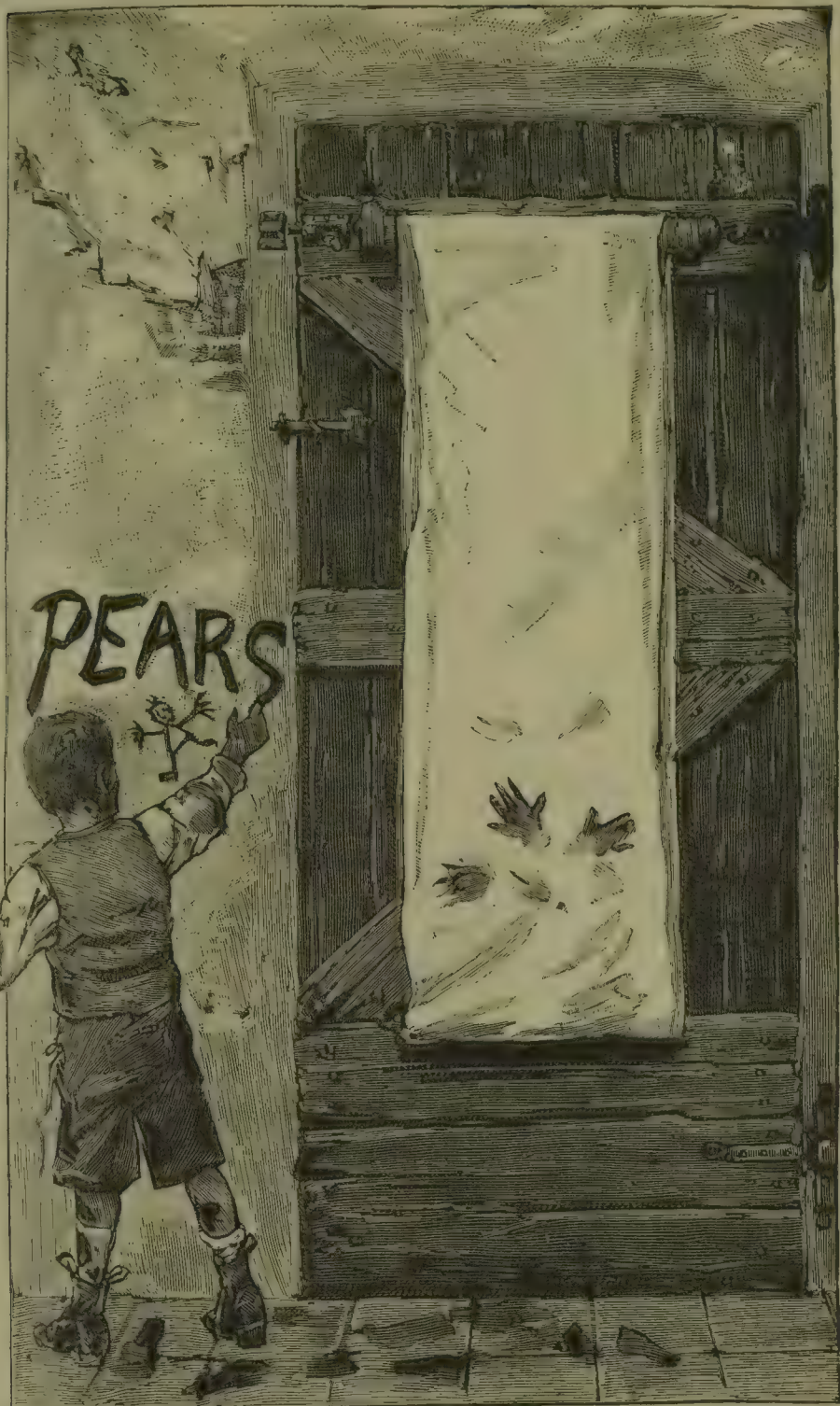
H.R.H. the late Duchess of Cambridge.

# JAY'S MOURNING HOUSE

"Has become one of the features of the West End of London, so long has it been established and so entirely has it fulfilled its undertakings. And not only do the dwellers in town, but all visitors to the Metropolis, profit by the experience of such well-known caterers. The etiquette of Mourning is continually changing in certain matters of detail, and a reliable guide to what may, and what may not, be worn under certain circumstances is almost necessary. That guide is to be found here—an authority on everything, from the length of a widow's veil to the texture of a ball dress. Aside from this specialty, there are thousands of customers who deal habitually with Messrs. JAY without wearing mourning. This being one of the houses where may be seen the masterpieces of WORTH and PINGAT, though in subdued tints, it is scarcely to be wondered at that a certain attraction impels many thither who only from choice invest themselves in these half-mourning lines. Costumes, Mantles, Bonnets, Caps, Fichus, Dinner Dresses, Tea Gowns, Skirts of sumptuous fabric and trimmings, Jet Ornaments, Gloves, and Handkerchiefs are here to be found in every tasteful guise. Materials from the richest to the cheapest are at hand, and, as dressmakers famed for their fit and cut are kept upon the premises, it is always possible to choose one's own material, style of make, and mode of finish. The assortment of Mantles, whether trimmed with jet, passementerie, or lace, is perhaps the largest, and most certainly the richest, in London, ranging as it does from the most elaborate of evening wraps to the simplest and plainest tailor-cut walking jacket."

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Established 100 years, and from the world's *first* great Exhibition in 1851 down to its *last* in Edinburgh (Gold Medal, September, 1890) it has, *in every instance, obtained the Highest Medals and Diplomas* at the disposal of the Judges; a series of achievements without precedent amongst Exhibitors of any class of goods whatever — of those awards Messrs. PEARS hold no fewer than Twenty.

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these Awards represent the concensus of opinion of over

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### THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

Prevents the Hair from falling off.  
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.  
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.  
Is NOT a dye, and therefore does not stain the skin, or even white linen.  
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER is needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS, price 3s. 6d.

#### NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New York from the ANGLO-AMERICAN Drug Co., 217, FULTON STREET, and all Druggists.

#### WALKER'S CRYSTAL CASE WATCHES.

An Illustrated Catalogue of Watches and Clocks at reduced prices sent free on application to JOHN WALKER, 77, Cornhill; and 230, Regent-street.

#### HOLLOWAY'S PILLS and OINTMENT.

The Pills purify the blood, correct all disorders of the liver, stomach, kidneys, and bowels. The Ointment is unrivalled in the cure of bad legs, old wounds, gout, rheumatism.

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Cut by the yard. For Ladies' and Gentlemen's wear.

Prices for Ladies, from 1/6 to 4/11.

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Is the BEST LIQUID DENTIFRICE in the World.

Prevents the decay of the TEETH.

Renders the Teeth PEARLY WHITE.

Removes all traces of Tobacco smoke.

Is perfectly harmless and delicious to the Taste.

Is partly composed of Honey, and extracts from sweet herbs and plants.

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FLORILINE TOOTH POWDER, only put in glass jars. Price 1s.

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**GOUT AND RHEUMATISM CURED!** Particulars and Testimonials post free of PRINCE'S ITALIAN TREATMENT COMPANY, Limited, 92, Kirkdale, Sydenham, S.E.

MANUFACTURING SILVERSMITHS, JEWELLERS, AND WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS,

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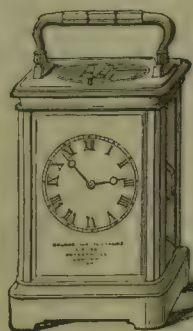
(Late A. B. SAVORY & SONS)

11 and 12, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.

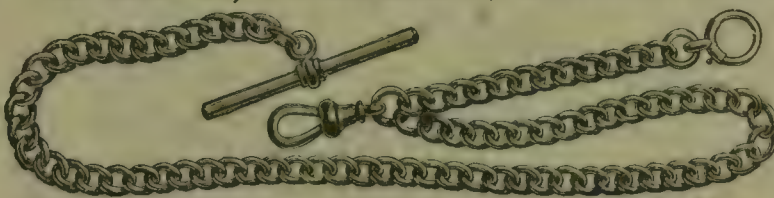
(Opposite the Bank of England)



LADY'S HIGHLY FINISHED KEYLESS WATCH, half-hunting case, with opal or blue enamel zone. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £7 15s.; Silver Cases, £2 15s.



Repeating Carriage Clock, striking on fine gong hours and half-hours, lever movement, compensation balance, jewelled, in best Morocco Case, £8. Carriage Timepieces from £3 10s.



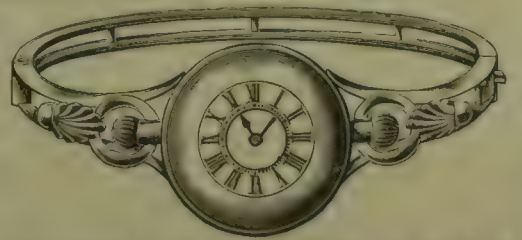
Lady's Curb Pattern 18-ct. Gold Victoria Chain, £4 4s. Other sizes from £3 to £10.

FINE GOLD KEYLESS WATCH BRACELET, £16.

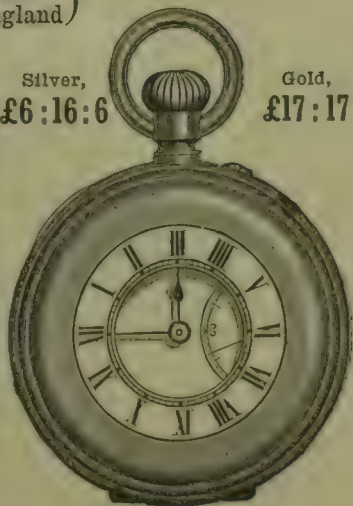
Ditto, in Silver, £5 10s. and £5 15s.

In Best Morocco Cases.

The Watch can be detached and worn separately.



GENTLEMAN'S KEYLESS THREE-QUARTER PLATE LEVER WATCH, in plain or engine-turned strong half-hunting cases, compound balance, and jewelled holes. This watch is manufactured throughout by the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Limited, and embraces all the latest improvements, the introduction of the compound balance resulting in a perfectly reliable timekeeper of entirely English workmanship. In 18-ct. Gold Cases, £17 17s.; in Silver Cases, £6 16s. 6d.



Silver, £6 16s. 6d.

Gold, £17 17s.

ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLETS POST FREE TO ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.



"Ellerslie," and the residue of his personal estate he gives to his nephew, Charles Semple.

The will (dated Aug. 20, 1886), with a codicil (dated March 5, 1890), of Mrs. Eliza Sarah Erskine, late of The Chantry, Ely, who died on Feb. 9, was proved on March 20 by the Ven. Frank Robert Chapman, Archdeacon of Sudbury, Sir Frederick Pollock, Bart., and Henry Adeane Erskine, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £22,000. The testatrix bequeaths £5000 to her said nephew, and legacies to other members of the family. The residue of her property she gives to her sister-in-law, Julia Erskine, and her nephew, the said Henry Adeane Erskine, in equal shares.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Joseph Smith, J.P., formerly of Dove Cliff, and late of Whittington House, near Lichfield, who died on Feb. 18, at 9, Somerset Street, Portman Square, were proved on April 1 by Mrs. Frances Ann Smith, the widow, and Robert Summers Smith, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000.

The will and codicil of Mr. William Henry Nicholson, J.P., formerly of Cawood, Yorkshire, and late of Clifton, in the city of York, who died on Feb. 12, were proved at the York District Registry on March 5 by Edwin Gray and the Rev. James Paget Wright, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4863. The testator, after giving one or two legacies, leaves the residue of his property, upon trust, for his children, John Lucas Nicholson and Sarah Dorothea Nicholson.

### AUSTIN DOBSON'S "HORACE WALPOLE."

This is a volume which should rejoice the heart of a book-collector. It is beautifully printed, illustrated with great taste by two American artists, members of a notable family—the Morans, and written by a hand from which lovers of literature have been taught to expect everything that is graceful and cultivated. It is fitting that Mr. Austin Dobson should write upon a man with whom he has much in common—a pleasant fancy for everything that can be tastefully collected, a refined rather than robust sense of art, a dainty perception of the elegant in letters. Mr. Dobson has one advantage over Walpole. His verses are much superior to the rhymes on which Horace prided himself a good deal, though they have little more than the prettiness and pettiness of the average couplet of the eighteenth century. On the other hand, Mr. Dobson would probably not lay claim to the graphic style and vivid portraiture of Walpole's epistles. Horace was not in any sense a great man. He always gives you the idea of holding the pouncet-box to his nose—like the aristocrat observed by Hotspur protesting against the intrusion of common things betwixt the wind and his nobility. Horace always remembered that he was "a person of quality." He was shocked by the humours of Fielding. His sensitive nostrils dilated at the faintest suggestion of democratic manners in the scented circle of finikin aristocracy. He did not mind drawing handsome salaries for sinecures from the public purse, and, with delightfully unconscious irony, boasted that "from the age of twenty I was

no charge to my family"—as if it were a title to distinction to be a charge to the nation instead. He was not over civil to social inferiors, as the estrangement from Gray, on his own showing, sufficiently testified. He had a large capacity for feminine malice—witness endless passages in the "Letters." But he was a well-meaning man, on the whole, and a delightful gossip. He excelled not only in sprightly tittle-tattle, but also in serious description. Few things in the history of his time are more moving than his account of the trial of the rebel lords after the rebellion of Forty-Five. The actors in this tragedy live before us; the whole scene is touched with genuine feeling as well as dramatic perception. He is equally at home in the witty and dissolute salons of Paris. The frivolous society sparkles and babbles in his pages, but he had not the faintest instinct of the moral and intellectual ferment which was preparing the Revolution, though, oddly enough, by a flash of unconscious inspiration, he prefigured the American Republic. The actual life of this man was not very eventful, but it is most pleasantly chronicled by Mr. Austin Dobson, whose monograph is, moreover, a striking testimony to the enterprise of the new American firm of publishers who have settled among us—Messrs. James Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Rider Haggard arrived in the White Star steamer Germanic at Liverpool, from New York, on April 10.

General Sir Edward Hamley, M.P., is reported to be suffering from fever at Monte Carlo.

This Product has been tested by the leading  
Analysts of Great Britain, and pronounced  
**"THE ONLY NATURAL CLEANSER."**

FOR CLEANING, SCOURING, SCRUBBING, POLISHING  
**METALS, MARBLE,  
PAINT, CUTLERY,  
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GLASSWARE, EARTHENWARE,  
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BRASS PLATES, STAIR-RODS.**

For Washing Dishes and Cleaning all Kitchen  
Utensils.

For Steel, Iron, Brass, and Copper Vessels, Fire  
Irons, Marble, Statuary, Floors, Mantels, and  
1000 things in Household, Shop, Factory, and  
on Shipboard.

**REMOVES RUST, DIRT, STAINS, TARNISH, &c.**



**Brooke's Soap**  
MONKEY BRAND

We're a capital couple the Moon and I,  
I polish the Earth, she brightens the sky:  
And we both declare, as half the world knows,  
Though a capital couple, we "WONT WASH CLOTHES"

### FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST NIGHT LIGHTS. CLARKE'S "FAIRY" AND "PYRAMID" LIGHTS.

N.B.—If any difficulty in obtaining the above Lights, write to the manufacturers, who will give the address of their nearest Agent.



THE NEW  
PATENT SAFETY  
NIGHT LIGHT.



THE SHADED PART  
REPRESENTS THE  
PLASTER FIRE-PROOF CASE.

CLARKE'S  
"PYRAMID" LIGHT.

Patent Fire-Proof Plaster Case.

THE "BURGLAR'S HORROR."  
Single Wicks, burn 9 hours each, in Boxes  
containing 8 lights. 8d. per Box.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST  
TO PREVENT BURGLARIES.  
THE POLICE RECOMMEND AS  
FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST,  
CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS,  
IN FRONT AND BACK OF EVERY HOUSE.

FAR, FAR AND AWAY THE BEST.  
TO SAVE VALUABLE PROPERTY.  
USE CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" NIGHT LIGHTS.

CLARKE'S  
PATENT  
THE QUEEN OF LIGHTS.



As used by Her Majesty the Queen.  
"FAIRY" LIGHT.

With Double Wicks, in Boxes containing  
6 Lights and Glass, burn 10 hours  
each. 1s. per box.

CLARKE'S REGISTERED "PYRAMID"  
NIGHT LIGHT WATCH-HOLDER.



Japanned Watch-Holder and "Pyramid" Lamp complete, 2s. 6d.  
Invaluable at every bedside.

N.B.—There is no PARAFFIN or other DANGEROUS material used in the manufacture of ANY of the ABOVE LIGHTS, which are the only Lights that can safely be burned in Lamps.

**CLARKE'S "PYRAMID" & "FAIRY" LIGHT CO., LTD. LONDON.** Show Rooms: 31, ELY PLACE, HOLBORN, E.C., & 484, COLLINS ST., MELBOURNE.  
WHERE ALL DESIGNS IN "FAIRY" LAMPS CAN BE SEEN. RETAIL EVERYWHERE.



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*Lancet*.—"Pure and very soluble."

*Medical Times*.—"Eminently suitable for Invalids."

*Sir C. A. Cameron, M.D.*—"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

*W. H. R. Stanley, M.D.*—"It is the drink par excellence for children, with whom it is a universal favourite."

## FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA.

This choice Cocoa makes a most delightful beverage for Breakfast or Supper.

HALF A TEASPOONFUL IS SUFFICIENT TO MAKE A CUP OF MOST DELICIOUS COCOA.

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MAPPIN BROTHERS' Razors are manufactured from the finest Steel, and are the best quality attainable.  
2 Ivory-Handled Razors, in Case .. 16s.  
" .. 15s. 6d.  
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Real Crocodile Skin Wallet, with handsome Solid Silver Corners, 12s.  
A variety of ways in stock.



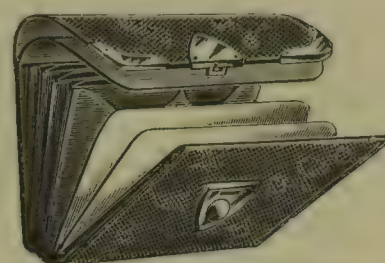
Lapidary Cut Glass Flask, with Silver-Plated Cup and Bayonet Fastening.  
" .. 13s. 6d.  
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LISTS OF  
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MAPPIN BROTHERS' Solid Leather Dress Suit Case, 22 in., lined Leather, fitted with Nickel-Mounted Toilet Bottles, real Ebony Brushes, fine Cutlery, &c., £12 12s.  
Other designs, with Solid Silver Fittings and real Ivory Brushes, from £22 10s.

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TO THE  
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Real Hard Skin Purse, with Silver Lock and Corners, 18s. 6d.

WEDDING PRESENTS,  
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Solid Silver Cigarette Case, to hold 10 Cigarettes, 45s.

Pair of fine Ivory Military Hair Brushes, in Solid Leather Case, complete, 55s. In Ebony, 18s. 6d.

A REPUTATION of EIGHTY YEARS for HIGH QUALITY and LOW PRICES.

CAUTION.—MAPPIN BROTHERS' Goods can ONLY be obtained at

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## OBITUARY.

THE RIGHT HON. G. A. F. CAVENDISH BENTINCK.

The Right Hon. George Augustus Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, P.C., M.P. for Whitehaven, and formerly Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, whose death is announced, was born July 9, 1821, the only son of the late Major-General Lord Frederick Cavendish Bentinck, C.B., by his wife, Lady Mary Lowther, daughter of the first Earl of Lonsdale, and was grandson of William Henry Cavendish, third Duke of Portland, K.G., Viceroy of Ireland. He was educated at Westminster School, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1847, and was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn in the latter year. From February 1874 to November 1875 he was Parliamentary Secretary of the Board of Trade, and was Judge Advocate-General from 1875 to May 1880. He sat in Parliament, as a Conservative, for Taunton, August 1859 to July 1865, and represented Whitehaven from July 1865 to the time of his death. He was a Justice of the Peace for the counties of Cumberland and Dorset, and a Trustee of the British Museum. In 1875 he was added to the Privy Council. Mr. Cavendish Bentinck married, Aug. 14, 1850, Prudence Penelope, sister of Sir John Leslie, first Baronet, of Glaslough Castle, in the county of Monaghan, and leaves two sons and two daughters. His elder son, William George, is M.P. for Penryn, and his elder daughter is wife of Sir Tatton Sykes, fifth Baronet.

LADY CONSTANCE BELLINGHAM.

Lady Constance Julia Eleanor Georgiana Bellingham, wife of Sir Henry Bellingham, fourth Baronet, of Castle Bellingham, in the county of Louth, late M.P. for that county, died on April 8. Her Ladyship was born Oct. 19, 1847, the second

daughter of Charles George, second Earl of Gainsborough, by Ida, his wife, daughter of the seventeenth Earl of Erroll, and was married Jan. 13, 1874, to Sir Henry Bellingham, Bart., by whom she leaves two sons and two daughters. Lady Constance was much beloved, and is deeply deplored.

COLONEL HAMBRO, M.P.

Colonel Charles Joseph Theophilus Hambro of Milton Abbey, Dorsetshire, M.P. for the South Division of that county, died on April 11, at Monte Carlo. He was born in 1834, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was called to the Bar in 1860, was a Deputy Lieutenant, a Justice of the Peace, and a County Councillor for Dorsetshire, and Honorary Colonel of the Dorset Yeomanry Cavalry. In politics he was a Conservative. He sat in Parliament for Weymouth from 1868 to 1874, and for South Dorset since the latter date, having unsuccessfully contested the former in 1876. He married, in 1857, Susan Amelia, daughter of the late Venerable the Honourable Henry Reginald Yorke, D.D., Archdeacon of Huntingdon, brother of the fourth Earl of Hardwicke, which lady died in 1887, leaving issue.

MR. T. K. TAPLING, M.P.

Mr. Thomas Keay Taping, M.P. for Leicestershire, died on April 11, at his residence, Gumley Hall, near Market Harborough. He was born in October 1855, and was the head of the firm of Taping and Company, of Gresham Street, the extensive carpet manufacturers. He received his education at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. and LL.M. in 1883, and in 1880 was called to the Bar at the Inner Temple. In 1885 he unsuccessfully contested the Harborough Division of Leicestershire, but was

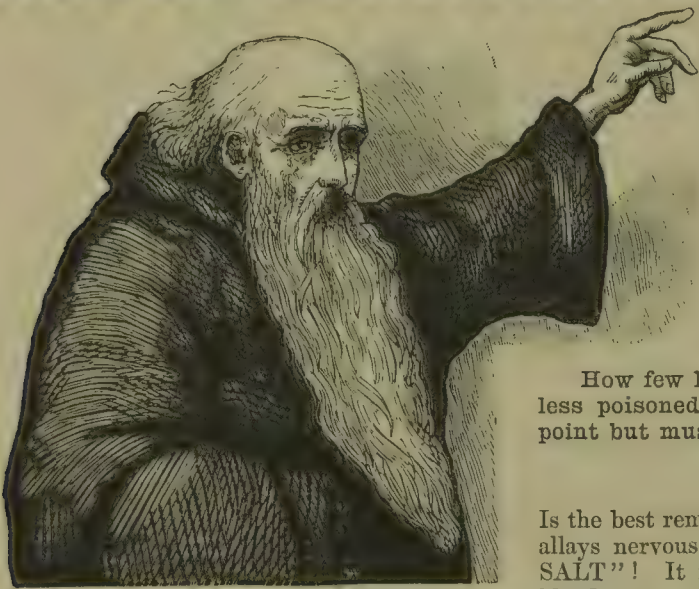
returned, as a Conservative, by a large majority, in the following year. Mr. Taping, who was a J.P. for Leicester, was unmarried.

MR. MORGAN HOWARD.

His Honour John Morgan Howard, Q.C., Judge of the Cornwall County Court district, died on April 10, at Torquay. He was born in 1837, was called to the Bar at the Middle Temple in 1858, made a Queen's Counsel June 1874, and a Benchet November 1877. He was counsel for the Crown in legitimacy suits in 1874, and her Majesty's Commissioner at the Norwich Royal Commission in 1875, in which year he was appointed Recorder of Guildford. He unsuccessfully contested Lambeth, in the Conservative interest, in 1868, 1874, and 1880, but in 1885 he was elected for the Dulwich Division of Camberwell by a large majority over the Liberal candidate, Mr. George Collins. He retired from Parliament in 1887, when he received the appointment of Judge of the Cornwall County Court district. The deceased gentleman, who was a magistrate for several counties, married, in 1857, Anne, daughter of the late Mr. George Bowes, of Homerton, in the county of Middlesex.

There have been some wonderful prices paid for autographs of late, and the autograph fiend will be more active than ever. Two letters of Thackeray have been sold for £43, two of Swift for £42, one of George Eliot for £8, one of Shelley for £15 5s. A long letter of Boswell's about his travels in Italy sold for £7 5s., a note from Lamb to Southey was knocked down for £4 4s., while a seven-page letter of Burns to Clarinda fetched £21. "To be overtopped in anything else I can bear," says the enthusiastic poet, "but in the lists of generous love I defy all mankind." £31 was given for a letter of Byron to his sister, containing a history of his relations with Countess Guiccioli.

# HOUSE SANITATION. TYPHOID AND DIPHTHERIA. BLOOD POISONS.



"IT is no exaggeration to state that not one quarter of the dwellings of all classes, high or low, rich or poor, are free from dangers to health, due to defects with respect to drainage, &c., &c. . . . These original defects will inevitably entail a loss of health and energy to the occupants of the houses, and this may go on for years, working insidiously, but with deadly effect. . . . It is painful to know that, after all that has been done of late years in the way of sanitary improvements, persons die almost daily, POISONED by the DRAINS that should save life and not destroy it."

SANITARY CONGRESS, September 1882.

## JEOPARDY OF LIFE.—THE GREAT DANGER OF VITIATED AIR.

How few know that after breathing impure air for two and a half minutes every drop of blood is more or less poisoned! There is not a point in the human frame but has been traversed by poisoned blood, not a point but must have suffered injury.

## ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"

Is the best remedy. It removes foetid or poisonous matter (the groundwork of disease) from the blood by natural means, allays nervous excitement, depression, and restores the nervous system to its proper condition. Use ENO'S "FRUIT SALT"! It is pleasant, cooling, refreshing, and invigorating. You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease.

### FEVERS, BLOOD POISONS, &c.

"EGYPT.—CAIRO.—Since my arrival in Egypt, in August last, I have on three separate occasions been attacked by fever, from which, on the first occasion, I lay in hospital for six weeks. The last two attacks have been, however, completely repulsed in a remarkably short space of time by the use of your valuable 'FRUIT SALT,' to which I owe my present health, at the very least, if not my life itself. Heartfelt gratitude for my restoration and preservation impels me to add my testimony to the already overwhelming store of the same, and in so doing I feel that I am but obeying the dictates of duty.

"Believe me to be, Sir, gratefully yours,  
"A CORPORAL, 19th Hussars, May 26, 1883.—Mr. J. C. ENO."

**HEADACHE AND DISORDERED STOMACH.**—"After suffering two and a half years from severe headache and disordered stomach, and after trying almost everything without any benefit, I was recommended to try ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' and before I had finished one bottle I found it doing me a great deal of good, and am restored to my usual health. And others I know that have tried it have not enjoyed such good health for years.—Yours most truly,

"ROBERT HUMPHREYS, Post Office, Barrasford."

CAUTION.—Examine each bottle and see that the Capsule is marked ENO'S "FRUIT SALT." Without it you have been imposed upon by a worthless imitation.  
Sold by all Chemists. Directions in Sixteen Languages how to prevent disease.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, POMEROY STREET, NEW CROSS ROAD, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

## SIR JOHN BENNETT, LTD.

WATCH &amp; CLOCK MANUFACTURERS.



**£25.**—A STANDARD GOLD KEY-LESS 1/2-PLATE HALF-CHRONOMETER WATCH, accurately timed for all climates. Jewelled in thirteen actions. In massive 18-carat case, with Monogram richly embossed. Free and safe per post.  
Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65, Cheapside, London.

**£20, £30, £40 Presentation Watches.**  
Arms and Inscription embossed to order.

**£25 Hall Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells.**  
In oak or mahogany. With bracket and shield, Three Guinea extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

Sir JOHN BENNETT (Limited), 65 & 64, Cheapside, E.C.

**£10.**—In return for £10 NOTE, free and safe per post, a LADY'S GOLD KEYLESS WATCH, perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air, damp, and dust tight.

**SILVER WATCHES, from £2.**

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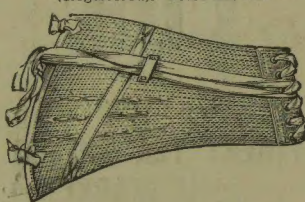
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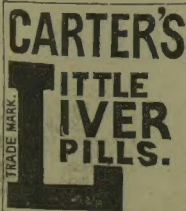
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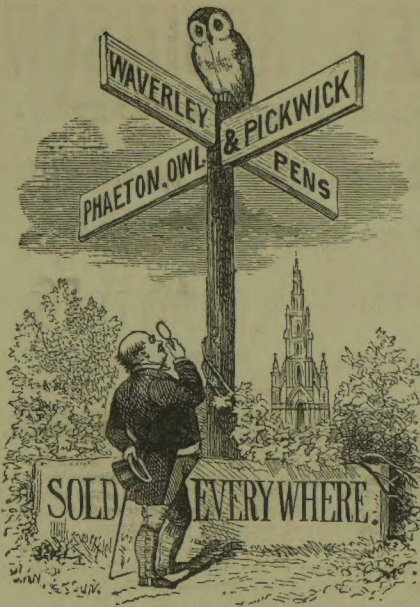
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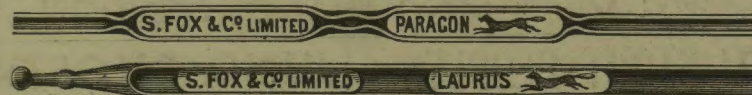
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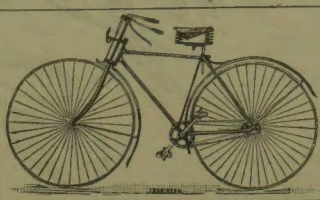
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